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JOHN BULL

Vol. VII. No. 172. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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The day of the Hair-dye, with its ultimate disappointment and worse dangers, is past. It is now safe to say that the only true, natural method of preserving and cultivating the Hair has at last been discovered. The Hair grows grey from the same cause as it grows thin—the skin in which it has root becomes gradually barren of fructifying sustenance, just as the earth from prolonged sowing of one species of seed gradually yields thinner and weaker crops. Overwork or over-indulgence, either of these two great excesses of this "Strenuous Age," has the same effect on the bodily substance in which the roots of the Hair are embedded as over-production has upon the earth. The realisation of this important truth has opened the door to the discovery of the solution of the problem of the decay of the human Hair. The agriculturist has got over his difficulty by artificially restoring to the earth the sustenance of which his over production has drained it. He assists Nature. In like manner, the true Hair scientist has realised that he must assist Nature by supplying to the roots of the Hair the sustenance of which we rob them by straining the bodily constitution. Years have been spent in investigation and experiment in order to discover the chemical compound to which Nature would respond when her powers of Hair growth were exhausted. The honour of discovering that natural compound belongs to Prof. Paul Lind.

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contains ingredients particularly effective in causing a proper circulation of the blood at the base of the hair, as well as affording nutriment to the papillæ medulla, and through this means it promotes the pigmentary functions. In other words, Prof. Paul Lind's Liquid for the Hair acts upon the organism and effects a constitutional rejuvenation. The result is not only a wonderful improvement in hair growth, but also a gradual darkening of the hair. No person, recognising the value of appearance in these excessively competitive days, can afford to neglect the advantages this wonderful discovery puts within his reach. The treatment of the hair by Prof. Lind's Liquid is harmless, because perfectly natural, and the cheapest hair restorer in the world, since its effects are lasting and a single bottle suffices in many cases. Knowing that practical test is the only means by which the public can judge how wonderfully effective his Liquid is in rejuvenating the hair, Prof. Paul Lind invites all readers of this announcement to send to him for a bottle free of charge, except for postage. Five thousand bottles have been made ready for this purpose, and everyone who sends the coupon at the foot, within 21 days from the date of this newspaper, accompanied by three penny stamps, and full name and address, will receive a bottle by earliest possible post. The coupon should be addressed to Prof. Paul Lind (Dept. 114 U.), 54, Duke-street, London, W.

Call on Prof. Paul Lind or write to him, at 54, Duke Street, London W.

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VII. No. 172. Saturday, September 18th, 1909. One Penny.

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JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

INAUGURAL MEETING
AT
ROYAL ALBERT HALL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.
ON
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1909.
Chair will be taken at 8.30 p.m.
BY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P.
(President of the League).

For Tickets of Admission apply to the Secretary of the League, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE PAGE 358.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

How people laughed when we predicted a General Election this year!

Have you seen our wonderful Oil-painting Poster on the Strand "Island"? Designed by John Hassall and painted by Mr. Rowland Holyoake, it measures 60 ft. by 30 ft., and is the largest and only original, canvas ever exhibited on a hoarding. It represents a scene in the House of Commons—but we anticipate. Next week we hope to reproduce it.

The end of September means the end of the holiday season. In our next issue we shall make some important announcements respecting certain developments of our own undertaking.

JOHN BULL was the first journal to ask the reason for Mr. John Burns's silence on the Budget. It may be the first to give the true answer.

The great South Hackney Demonstration in favour of the Land portion of the Budget, will be held in the Hackney Baths, Lower Clapton Road, on Friday, October 15th. The principal speakers will be Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., M.P., Mr. A. E. Dunn, M.P., and Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

We confess we don't like the look of Dr. Cook, *alias* Koch. His portraits represent him as a tout in an Oriental bazaar. His sentiments are mawkish; he wept when he saw flowers for the first time after three years; he told reporters how he longed to "press" his wife to his heart; he almost sent messages by them to the Almighty. His only proofs are the records in his note-books. He reminds us of a tradesman who tries to prove a debt by producing his ledgers. Meanwhile, the important thing is that he is to have £800 a week from a music-hall.

Possibly Mr. Henderson, M.P., is correct in his statement that there is more whisky drunk in the National Liberal Club (Tory cheers) and in the Constitutional Club (Liberal cheers) than in any one of the big hotels in London. What is certain, however, is that some of the notions current in both clubs are a lot more difficult to swallow than the whisky.

An Ilkley correspondent writes:—

> When an employer of labour is afflicted with a strike or a lock out, his establishment is picketted. He may object to the interference with his liberty, but Mr. Asquith has passed a Trade Disputes Bill to get over the difficulty, and picketting is legalised. When there is a lock out at Mr. Asquith's establishment, and he finds it picketted, the pickets find themselves at Bow Street. How's that umpire?

Out!

Out upon, fie upon the idiotic villagers who found a seal in the River Trent and promptly proceeded to shoot it. These Roosevelt notions of sport are responsible for the destruction of all the interesting animals in the world. African savages are scarcely more barbarous.

Who is "X. Y. Z., care of Clarke and Son, Stationers, Guildford"? This enterprising person has been advertising in one of the morning papers for a nurse. "Wanted," says he, "a robust, God-fearing Scotch nurse, who can teach the Shorter Catechism, and has a working knowledge of the business side of a slipper, to take charge of a 14-year-old boy who has a double dose of original sin." By this time it is hoped the gentleman is suited. After all, notwithstanding his strong religious tendencies, he is evidently disposed to think that there is nothing like leather.

A specialist in psychological science assures us that the mental disease of kleptomania (Greek, *klepto*, I steal) is unknown among the poor. May we ask whether this is really the latest news?

Mr. Swift MacNeill, who is by way of being the Commons Clown, objected, the other night, to being spoken of by another member as his "honourable and learned friend." "I am not your friend," he interposed. Surely Mr. MacNeill has been a member long enough to know that the phrase "honourable and learned friend" is a Parliamentary formula, and that the noun is often as colloquial in its use as either of the adjectives.

It is ingenuously proposed to abolish tips at a new hotel. Think how discontented the servants will be with guests who expect exceptional attention. It will be almost a sin to ring the bell or call for a cup of cold water.

One of the members of the Rochdale Watch Committee has a sense of humour; the rest have only a sense of dignity. The local theatre proprietor wishes to allow smoking, but the Watch Committee will not hear of it. They think "it would be rather lowering to the theatre." They said so publicly; whereupon Councillor Howarth, humorist and logician, remarked that if smoking lowered anything, he had seen the members of the Watch Committee lowering themselves and the Council chamber many a time and oft. However, the Rochdale people who go to the theatre, and the man who owns it—who should be the best judges in such a matter—have been refused permission to smoke. We have frequently wondered why towns have Watch Committees. Now we know. They are appointed to assist the Anti-Tobacco League in its beneficent propaganda. One day the British public will grow up, and then it will say, "Take away these baubles!"

We are pleased to see other journals taking up the case of the ex-prisoner. A more or less typical instance of the difficulty experienced in regaining a decent footing in the world by the man who has made one false step, if he be poor, is quoted by a Manchester daily. He has a wife, a sixteen-months'-old baby, and another infant is "on the way." Meanwhile, employers turn up the whites of their eyes when the man owns frankly that he has "done his bit," and wants a new start. Of course, there is something in what one employer says—that there are so many virtuous persons (or persons not yet found out) who are workless, and employers naturally prefer these to the police-patrolled "ex." It is a problem; but there ought to be a way out.

Which reminds us of another problem. One of our readers a few weeks ago handed over his "laundry" to a small boy of peculiarly honest aspect, who said he had been sent for it. He had not. Being successful in getting hold of the washing, Young Hopeful proceeded to collect the lingerie of other persons; also their overdue accounts. The police were got to work, and the boy caught. Our reader was asked to prosecute, but did not care to do so. It was then explained that the boy was not really bad, but "only a little wild;" that he had tried to get into the Navy or on to a merchant vessel and had failed, owing to his small stature, and that, subsequently, he had run into queer company. If prosecuted, it was said, the boy would be able, through the good offices of the Bench, to be sent to a training-ship and thence to sea. Before consenting, our reader saw the boy and found him a nice, intelligent lad; and to his surprise the youthful "criminal" asked to be "had up" with a view to being able to enter the career he wished to follow, by the only way apparently open to him. In view of such incidents, it is hardly surprising that Britannia still rules the waves, and that lots of adventurous lads who happen to be no bigger than Nelson run off the rails.

If the unemployed of any district in which this journal circulates should be approached by a person desirous of hiring them to rearrange the telephone poles, and, incidentally, to dig a hole 26 ft. deep, they should take him out and screw his neck before discussing terms. The other day such an individual hoaxed the Manchester unemployed; leaving also an unpaid bill for lodgings. Before Manchester, he had been to Stockport, and prior to that he was at Sheffield. Should he materialise in London, we would remind our readers that a large river runs more or less merrily through the city, and several bits of it are not always in use. It is almost worth while risking the possibility of ducking the wrong man to get hold of the right one in a case like this.

Recently a head working-gardener, with twelve years' reference in one situation, married, and with two children, advertised for a place. The advertisement appears to have attracted the notice of the Rev. W. T. Robson, rector of "a small village 2½ miles from Welbury station." Therefore the rector wrote offering £1 a week, with £1 extra a quarter for cleaning the church and attending to stoves, bells, lamps, funerals and weddings. The gardener was to take orders from his wife as well as himself. He was to "mow the lawn with machine and churchyard with a scythe," cut ivy on house, clip edges, trim paths, grow all kinds of vegetables and flowers, clean boots, knives, and windows, shake mats and carpets, bring in coals, wood, and water, and sweep chimneys. By way of further recommendation the good vicar added that the place was "healthy, quiet, and dull," and that the situation was "a good one for the right man." No doubt. But does not it occur to the rev. gentleman that he wants a lot for his money? And why not have mentioned whether the soul was clay, with a view to the man filling up his time by brickmaking?

The Rev. W. J. Gomersall, writing "from a Hampshire Manse" while undertaking temporary pulpit duty, expresses his high appreciation of our recent "brief, bright, and bracing little par" on his Social Circle, or, as we prefer to call it, his Matrimonial Agency business as carried on by himself and his wife. He encloses us substantial weight of syllabuses and other un-exciting literature concerning the Why-Be-Lonesome movement in London. He denies that circulars are sent out wholesale, as stated by a correspondent, asserting that not one is ever sent out unless applied for. We need not repeat that in our opinion, the Gomersalls mean well, that the Social Circles represent a genuine effort to bring lonely men, maids, and widows together for an object well known to all of them, that they are decorously conducted, that they were formed by Mrs. Gomersall in response to a newspaper correspondence, and that however many or however few marriages have resulted, the Gomersalls probably get very little out of the concern over and above the expenses incurred. According to the syllabus, the Clapham branch is "under the patronage of Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, and other well-known gentlemen."

Despite the fact that the Gosport magistrates dismissed a charge of fraud against a local insurance agent, Admiral Field, the chairman, remarked "with some warmth" to the prisoner, "that does not make you innocent though." Of course not. But the fact of a charge being dismissed is fair presumption of innocence, just as conviction is fair presumption of guilt. That being so, Admiral Field ought not to have made the comment. In similar circumstances in future it is desirable that he should keep a still tongue. We wonder what he would do to anybody who said of him that just because he is on the Bench it doesn't follow that he ought to be there?

Most people will be surprised to hear that corporal punishment is still inflicted in the Navy. The dosage is inflicted with the cane, lads up to 18 years of age being held down, and then flogged before their comrades. Birching is also administered. In this case, the punishment is inflicted on the bare body with a nine-ounce rod previously steamed at the galley. According to the official returns, on an average 250 of these birchings are administered annually. It seems to us a degrading, disgusting and wholly unnecessary method of discipline —the last survival of the old brutal lashing days. An occasional whacking of sorts in the nursery and the schoolroom does a boy no harm; it implants in his bosom the knowledge that he does not own the earth. But if it is possible to maintain discipline without flogging the officers and men of the King's Navee, why shouldn't it be possible to maintain discipline without flogging these lads, especially before their comrades? And if lads are flogged in the Navy, why are not young soldiers flogged in the Army?

Talking about flogging, will the Scarborough magistrates consider themselves in receipt of two dozen, laid on hard? The other day the police hailed before them one Edward Dempsey on the heinous charge of selling picture postcards without a licence, and him they sent to prison for two months. Still, worse might have happened. He might have been charged with selling beer—or, worse still, sleeping out.

Mrs. Anita Comfort Brooks, President of the Gotham Club, New York, and now or recently in London, has a Persian kitten which wears a golden crown on its head and a gold order round its neck. We take this as indubitable evidence that she is fond of cats, wherefore we want to interest her in a man. A Blackpool correspondent tells us that being in Manchester he saw a crowd collected near the Exchange railway station, under which runs the River Irwell. Some brute had thrown in a cat, and the poor creature, having struggled to a projecting beam, was piteously howling because it could not climb the steep stone walls above. A basket was lowered, but unfortunately it knocked the cat into the water again. It struggled lower down the river, and once more made good a precarious landing. Here an out-of-work in the crowd, Edward Johnson, destitute except for a few coppers he earned by carrying parcels, "at great peril to himself climbed over the iron bridge and hung with one arm while he again lowered the basket, succeeding at last in catching the cat and saving its life." "All this for a cat!" perhaps you say. Yes, but doesn't it strike you that a man who puts himself in peril to rescue a drowning cat is too rare a specimen of humanity to be allowed to starve for want of a job? It will afford us much pleasure to put any reader who can help this big-hearted out-of-work in touch with the person who sends us the story.

A correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* suggests that debts should be made unrecoverable by law. It would take some time for tradesmen to accustom themselves to this arrangement, but eventually they would give credit only where they had implicit confidence, as bookmakers do. And what a world of misery would be avoided.

The current issue of the *Protestant Alliance Magazine* contains the following announcement: "Arrangements can now be made for Addresses to be given on Convent Life by Miss Moult. All particulars may be had of the Secretary," etc. If you see it in JOHN BULL . . .!

Crow's uncle suddenly popped up after an absence of three years, and swore he had discovered the South Pole. But it turns out that the old gentleman had been in gaol all the time.

With poignant regret we have to announce that the Duke of Buccleuch, who owns 253,514 acres in Dumfriesshire, and 200,000 acres in other parts of the country, also Montagu House, Whitehall, Drumlanrig Castle, and four or five other country seats, likewise pictures estimated to be worth not less than £500,000, finds himself unable to renew his subscription of three guineas to the Nithsdale Wanderers Football Club in consequence of the terrible financial burdens imposed on him by the Budget. Not long ago his Grace reduced the allowances he made to the pensioners of his estates by the amount they received under the Act. This hadn't anything to do with the Budget, but it goes to prove what hard times the Dukes are having. Rumours are current, indeed, that some of them contemplate applying for outdoor relief.

Earl Powis, owning about 60,600 acres, is another poor peer who recently announced that he would have to discontinue his charitable contributions because the Chancellor is going to rob his henroosts. Meanwhile he is spending huge sums for his forthcoming entertainment of the Prince of Wales and Lord Kitchener. Meanwhile also, his head gamekeeper has charged two Welshpool labourers with "destroying by night, on Colonel W. J. Twyford's land, twelve rabbits, valued altogether at five shillings." One of the men, with previous convictions against him for the furtive pursuit of rabbits, was sentenced to three months' hard, with a further six months' hard because he could not find heavy sureties; the other two months' hard, also with six months extra in default of finding sureties. Blessed therefore be the Earl of Powis, and the land laws, and the rabbit laws. May they endure for ever.

Mr. R. T. Parkin, of 21, Paradise Street, Eccles, must be about one of the slowest men on record. It appears that on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage in 1863, he was rejoicing in Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester. Perceiving a stout young lady, wearing a crinoline, head downwards in the lake, he brought her to land and thus saved her life. He now rises to ask whether he "can receive from any humane society any acknowledgment (however small)" for his brave action. So far as we are concerned he can. What has become of the crinoline?

We wonder how many justices will take the same rational view of their obligations under the "Children's Charter" as was adopted by the Hyde Borough Bench the other day. Somebody accompanied a child into the premises of Jabez Shaw, the licensee of the local "Swan Hotel," and, of course, the police were down upon the publican in a jiffy. There are no criminals to be watched in Hyde. But Boniface directed the attention of the officers to a card on the wall, issued by the Hyde and District Beer, Spirit and Wine Trades' Association, which explained that the room was "specially set apart, and is not intended to be used mainly for the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquor," and that "children accompanied by adults" were permitted in that room "but upon no other part of the premises." Being fairminded men, the magistrates apparently agreed that this was a convenient and commendable way of reducing the annoyance caused by this footling Act to decent people and their children. Anyway, they dismissed the summons. We trust that other benches will follow suit where such excellent provision is made for young and old alike.

In order to prevent misunderstanding, we are authorised to state that De Rougemont has not discovered the North Pole.

Some people are grateful for small mercies. We read that a Norfolk vicar has given £1,000 to a missionary society as a "thankoffering" for an incumbency of 13 years. As the living is worth only £28 per annum, the rev. gentleman is evidently not of a grasping disposition. But why does he bother about the conversion of savages when there are still many poor people unrelieved at home?

At last we have heard of a philanthropic bookmaker. According to the *Evening News*, a man named Hammond meant to put a shilling on a horse at Brighton races. It won at 10 to 1, and he asked for eleven shillings. The penciller "gave a weakly smile and said: 'You will have your little joke; you gave me a sovereign.' Like a flash came the thought: my landlady's money." And so it proved. Hammond had taken it out of a purse where he had placed it for greater security! We trust the landlady had the lioness's share.

Various correspondents ask us what are the advantages of being London citizens and members of the various "Worshipful" companies. They say the companies are not always very generous to the widows and orphans of their members. It would be interesting to know where all the money goes, apart from guzzling. The Worshipful Company of Farriers charges 3 guineas for a course of lectures, but there have been serious complaints about the conduct of the subsequent examination.

A publisher named Eveleigh Nash has been complaining of "the rapacity of authors." We always thought the boot was on the other leg. At any rate, Byron is our authority for believing that Barabbas was a publisher, and we have a sneaking kindness for Buonaparte as the man who shot one of the fraternity. In any case, we may be quite sure that publishers, being men of business, never pay more than they can help, and the occasions when they are out of pocket must be few and far between. If there be a slump in novels, it is doubtless due to the increasing inferiority of the output. When we hear of a lady writing seven serials at once—one on every day of the week—and mixing up the plots, and forgetting the names of the characters, we are disposed to deprecate hustling as a literary adjunct.

The campaign for a "horseless Sunday" seems singularly futile. The idea is to give the motor industry a fillip, but the choice of Sunday would make the test unconvincing, as the noisiest motors would then be absent. As to the claim that improved cleanliness would be demonstrated, it is obvious that, if horse traffic were abolished, its principal drawbacks would disappear too. No experiments are necessary to prove that. Again, with regard to increased safety, the short period of eight hours on a Sunday in Westminster would not establish any point of interest or value. Then we are told that the absence of mixed traffic would confer the benefit of uniform speed, but this only means that a number of fast vehicles can travel more rapidly if not impeded by slow ones. Tush!

We are amused to hear that our anti-Capitalist contemporary, *Justice*, is appealing for more capital. Also that the *Daily Express* hopes *Justice* "will not go under," and hints that "it would be a patriotic act for some millionaire to keep it going." Can it be that the Tories are subsidising the Socialists?

The proposal to allow landowners to pay their land-tax in kind has been denounced as Socialistic, but as they would have a choice, the innovation would be all in their favour.

Messrs. McIlroy, Limited, of Reading, recently prosecuted a young man named Slade for embezzling two small sums of money. Briefly, the facts were that Slade had received the money on delivering parcels, and, to use his own words, "gone on the booze and was afraid to go back." At this time he had a wife in a delicate condition, and on hearing the sentence of a month's imprisonment—there was a previous conviction against him—passed on him by the magistrates, she "collapsed and was assisted out of court." So far as the man is concerned we are not disposed to waste our sympathy upon him. He urged in extenuation that Messrs. McIlroy, Ltd.—at the head of which firm is a prominent local Liberal, Nonconformist, and teetotaler—paid him only 12s. a week, and he "had a house and wife to keep going." There was all the less excuse, therefore, for his stealing his masters' money, risking his place (such as it was) and again wrecking his character, for the sake of "booze." The man having gone to gaol, the wife became ill, a child was born, and, "having constantly called for her husband in vain," she died. Application was made for the husband's temporary release to attend the funeral, but permission was refused. We give this sad story as a human document. Comment is best left to the preachers.

Let us now turn to a human document of another kind. For reasons which our readers will understand, we do not give the name of the man concerned. Suffice it that at 71 he has been released from a convict prison. Until he was 60 years of age his character seems to have been unimpeachable. He was three times town councillor, a member of the Board of Guardians, and an overseer of the Poor. His downward grade began when he lost a large sum of money in a bank smash. From poverty he drifted into crime, his last sentence being three years for shopbreaking. Having regard to his good conduct in gaol he was released on ticket of leave on condition that he entered a Salvation Army Home. His sister, the widow of a Church of England clergyman, and a lady of independent means, now offers to make him welcome in her house and provide for him for life, but she declines to make provision for him while he remains in London. The Salvation Army, he says, seems to be using him for advertising purposes, and will not let him go. He asks us whether the Army can legally detain him, and generally what he shall do. The Army cannot detain him, but they would probably report his absence if he left, and he might be re-arrested for breaking his ticket of leave. Our advice to him is to write requesting his sister to communicate with the Home Secretary, who will then sift the facts and probably instruct the police accordingly.

Readers will recall our cartoon with reference to the Children Act as it operates in the vicinity of public-houses. Here is the Act as it affects poor widows who have to find means of supporting a family of children. The matter came before Mr. Biron, one of the London stipendiaries, as a request for advice whether a girl under sixteen helping her widowed mother in a little stationery business she carries on, could deliver newspapers at public-houses and packets of cigarettes and tobacco at a hospital as her father had done. "She may deliver things at the hospital," replied the magistrate, "but she must not deliver papers at public-houses unless they have a private door or she delivers the papers before the house is open to the public." Note that the mother, having three other little children to look after as well as her business, is unable to deliver the papers herself without closing the shop, and the magistrate did not explain how the child is to deliver them "before the house is open to the public." Result: No private door, no papers delivered, and probable loss of a large part of the widow's trade.

Though invasion scares and invasion scare-mongering have been crowded out of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers for want of space, they have a precarious survival in the organ of Lord Bobs, run by the National Service League. A more than ordinarily silly correspondent records in that paper that a friend of his heard a German ask a waiter in a London restaurant, "Where do you mobilise?" and the waiter answered "Sheerness." So greatly did his friend marvel that he tried the same question himself in another restaurant, on another waiter, and got the answer, "Chatham." "I think the above," adds the correspondent, "is only another of many such indications of foreign organisations in these islands," while the Editor remarks in a footnote, "The information in the above is so startling that we should not have published it had it not come from an absolutely reliable source." This is the sort of drivel the National Service League feeds on.

The tyrannical Sunday laws recently passed at Ottawa have turned the Canadian police into a pack of spies. Public moneys are granted towards the persecution of non-Sabbatarians, and the Lord's Day Alliance profits pecuniarily thereby. This is how a Canadian paper sums up the situation:—

> The year's programme includes the stopping of everything which can be stopped on Sunday, except preachers' salaries and the breath of fad pushers. Canals are not to be opened and railroad trains are to be tied up, and all godly people are to be prevented, under pain of something serious happening to them, from riding on public vehicles on Sunday.

A gentleman has been fined for going to his office to write a letter on Sunday, and a girl has been cautioned by a trespassing policeman for chopping some wood to kindle a fire in her own home. This is the sort of thing our own faddists would like to establish in England.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

He was a married man, but had smuggled himself into a bachelors' party. Being discovered, and called upon for an explanation, he pleaded, "It is quite true. I *am* a married man—***but I'm not a bigoted one!***"

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE FOREIGN MISSION-MONGER WHO COLLECTS MONEY FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE DEAR "NIGGER" WHICH OUGHT TO GO TO HELP OUR OWN STARVING PEOPLE AT HOME.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!

WARNING.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.

For stating that Peary "was born on May 6th, 1856, and is therefore FORTY-THREE *years of age."*

THE DAILY GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the mother said the child had never been very well since DEATH."

THE HULL DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to a parson as a "clerk in holy WATERS."

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring to "the prettiest maid he had ever set EARS *on,"*

JOHN OXENHAM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding in a circular to "a YOUNG *fellow with* 45 YEARS' *experience in the wholesale and retail tea business."*

F. MEAN (of Hoxton Street, N.)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "amongst the JEWELLERY *found on George Taylor were three keys and a pair of gloves,"*

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the antics of an escaped elephant as follows: "He went straight back to the depot the same way as he had come, a route the animal had NEVER TAKEN BEFORE."

THE SHEFFIELD WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

---

*For expressing a hope that "*WHICHEVER *of the candidates is elected, Mr. Bye, the Conservative, will be duly at the head of the poll."*

THE SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "most people would consider the 'training' of snakes to be impossible, AND SO IT IS; *nevertheless there is a man* WHO DOES IT."

MR. ISAAC POWERS KLINK
(per *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mlle. Polaire had a "hat 37 times the diameter of her waist,"

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "there is to be witnessed in the village of Thornton, a most unusual sight, that of a BOAR *pig* SUCKLING *a litter of young ones."*

THE HOWDENSHIRE CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the defendant went up behind them sculling, and began splashing the water with his SKULL."

THE EAST AND WEST HAM MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a novel that "when the two friends were STANDING *on the steps of the hotel they* RAN *against Inspector Dallas."*

F. M. WHITE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Miss Allan wore a soft tunic of draped MUSIC."

THE BIRKDALE AND SOUTHPORT PIONEER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE COMING OF THE LEAGUE.

As will be seen from an announcement on the first page of this issue, the inaugural meeting of the John Bull League will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday, October 21st, 1909.

The League is formed to oppose cant and self-righteousness and, independently of all sects and parties, to create a robust public opinion in a self-respecting and self-reliant nation. The League will take a short cut through every other existing organisation—applying the one test of Common Sense to all the problems of the day, and uniting in one great composite body all who—ignoring the platitudes of priests and politicians, and putting aside all cant and hypocrisy—are prepared to think for themselves, act for themselves, and rely upon themselves. Instead of thinking so much about the next life, its members will make the most of this; instead of looking to the Government for everything, they will endeavour to govern themselves; the world will be their country, mankind their brethren—to be worthy men and women, their religion; they will not be any less sinners than others—but they won't be "miserable" ones. It will be a political body without party, and, we hope, a religious one, without creed. The members will be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean, and that then their souls will look after themselves.

Its platform will be broad, independent, and free. It will seek the widest liberty for individuals in the pursuit of their lawful interests and their legitimate pleasures.

Certain that John Bull is being governed too much, it will seek to have him governed as little as possible. It believes that party politics are a curse to the national life, and therefore will do its best to counteract and destroy their malign influence, by rescuing the Nation and the Empire from the dominance of professional office holders and office seekers.

It will strive for the creation of a National, Common-Sense, Business Party, who will conduct the affairs of the nation as men of business—endeavouring to secure the best possible methods of administration at the least possible cost.

The League will make no fetish of names as such. It will not believe that the men most competent for the highest offices of State are necessarily the most vociferous, most nimble, or most plausible party politicians. It will endeavour to secure for the service of the Nation the administrative and initiative gifts of men in the Departments best suited to their special qualities and experience.

The exigencies of party and the tactics of party politicians have resulted in the withdrawal of the effective control of public affairs from the elected representatives of the people. The League will seek to restore the freedom of the House of Commons and reduce the power of the Executive, which has become a tyranny. It hopes to be able to secure the election of its own Parliamentary candidates whenever and wherever there seems to be a fair chance of success, and in the meantime to rally its membership to the support of those in greatest sympathy with its policy.

The League will devote special attention to the close corporation of the Law, not only in the High Court and the County Courts, whose judges are at present practically immune from criticism, but also on the magisterial benches—doing its utmost to secure the appointment of men in touch with the daily lives of the people and the practical affairs of the world.

The League is for the exposure of all jobs, all jobbing, and all jobbers in public bodies everywhere.

It advocates a people temperate by self-control and not dragooned by Act of Parliament.

In international affairs its policy will be to encourage the British people to offer the hand of friendship to all nations, to remove by arbitration treaties and friendly understandings, wherever possible, all causes of suspicion or friction; to seek allies everywhere and make enemies nowhere, and in assurance of their strength to be forbearing in provocation and calm in crisis. It will be against national bullying as it will be against national buccaneering. It wants Britain strong, merciful, just, self-reliant, happy and prosperous, with an ever broadening basis of liberty, by shaking itself everywhere free of the pernicious blight of Stiggins, Chadband, and Grundy.

The League will be non-insular. The members will be Big Britishers—Big Bullites, but not Big Bullies. It will, however, strive to make our Constitution in fact what it is in theory—representative of every section of the community and just to each; whilst the Law must consist of simply such regulations as may be necessary for the protection and liberty of the subject. It will have no politics—except the general welfare of the State; no religion—except to do good; no race except the human one. The parson and the politician it will look upon as temporary necessities—the one a spiritual and the other a temporal policeman, and it will endeavour to hasten the day when neither will be required.

It stands, in brief, for JOHN BULL.

MEMBERSHIP.

As to membership, any person of full age of either sex—will be eligible.

A LEAGUE BADGE.

Every member of the League will be furnished from headquarters with a distinctive Badge, which must be worn on all official occasions, and MAY be worn, at the option of the member, at all times. The wearing of the Badge will serve as an introduction between members in all parts of the country, at all times especially during holidays and travel.

LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The League will have a local secretary in every town in the Kingdom, and readers of JOHN BULL willing to act in that capacity are requested to communicate with the Secretary at the offices, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

INAUGURAL MEETING.

The inaugural meeting of the League will be held in the Albert Hall, London, on Thursday, October 21st, when its policy and objects will be fully expounded by the President. Any reader desiring a ticket of admission should apply to the Secretary.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

—:o:—

To be cut out and forwarded to the Secretary,

JOHN BULL LEAGUE,
67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE RADICAL "QUICUNQUE VULT."

(With apologies to the late St. Athanasius.)

By ARTHUR H. KING.

Whosoever would attain to office, it is above all things necessary that he hold the Radical Faith.

Which faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall never sit on the Treasury Bench, but shall be damned politically for everlasting.

And the Radical Faith is this, that we worship one Government with several policies.

Neither confounding the Whig, nor damning the Socialist.

For there is one politician called the Premier, another called the Chancellor, and another called Winston.

But the Government of the Premier, the Chancellor and Winston is all one; the wisdom equal, the blundering co-eternal.

Such as the Premier is, such is the Chancellor; and even more so is Winston.

The Premier a statesman, the Chancellor a statesman, and Winston a statesman.

So likewise the Premier a Cabinet Minister, the Chancellor a Cabinet Minister, and Winston a Cabinet Minister.

And yet not three Ministers, but one Government.

For, like as we are compelled by common honesty to acknowledge that it is wrong to commit robbery,

So we are forbidden by the Budget to deny that it is lawful to punish our political opponents.

The Premier is dependent upon none; neither appointed nor elected.

The Chancellor is appointed by the Premier; not elected, nor qualified, but self-sufficient.

Winston is an exaggeration of the Premier and the Chancellor, fully qualified and all sufficient, and irrepressible.

He therefore that will be saved must think of his leaders and follow whither they lead.

And they that have voted straight shall receive a peerage; and they that have acted on their convictions shall lose their seats, or be hauled before the Cadi.

This is the Radical Faith, which if a man believe faithfully he must be mad.

THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD CASE.

As we stated would be the case, writs have been issued by Mr. Percy Baldwin Smith and his manservant against the mayor, aldermen and councillors of St. Marylebone, claiming damages for malicious prosecution. Our readers will remember that in our issue of the 4th inst., we dealt fully with the abortive prosecution out of which this action arises.

"SHAMS.—No. III."

Apropos the paragraph under the above heading in our last issue, our readers will be interested to learn that two men, George Jones and Sydney Robertson, are now under remand at Acton, charged with obtaining large sums of money with intent to defraud. We, therefore, refrain from commenting further upon the matter.

"THE BLIND RECTOR'S WIFE."

(Unpaid Organist, Bell-ringer, Choir Boys, at Holy Trinity, Old Brompton, Chatham.)

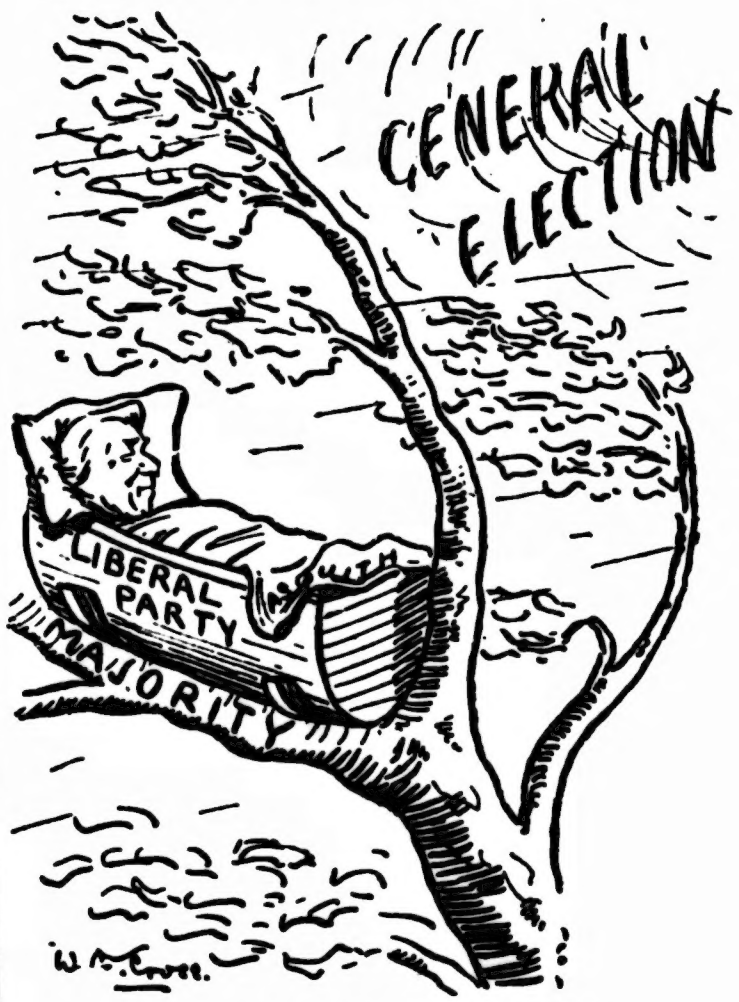
We have received the following letter from Mr. A. Oldicott, the organist of Holy Trinity:—

> I am unlucky enough to be the organist in this church. I was appointed to the position in 1902 by the then Vicar (Rev. A. H. Wood); salary, £25 per annum. While Mr. Wood was with us, salaries were paid regularly. Now the bellringer, choir boys and myself have salaries owing to us. The salary owing to me will be £25 on September 20th. Through the case of Martin *v.* Gedge our church has been ruined financially. Mr. Martin says "he is not responsible," and the churchwardens (late) say they are not responsible either. Hitherto salaries were paid out of the offertories, but, as far as I can gather, this is only an arrangement between the Vicar and churchwardens. (We have no churchwardens now.)

Is this state of things known to the Bishop of Rochester? Mr. Martin says he is "not responsible." Not responsible! That may be true if we confine ourselves to the narrow legal definition of responsibility. But "not responsible"! Why was it that Mr. Martin's predecessor could pay the officials of his church? Because there was a congregation, and offertories sufficed. That we take to be the answer. But when vicars are charged with infamous offences, and compromise with those who charge them; when vicars write anonymous letters to ladies which take them to the Divorce Court as co-respondents; when vicars change from parish to parish because time and again rumour charges them with illicit love, offertories become a negligible quantity, and churchwardens – well, at Old Brompton there are no longer churchwardens. We put it to the Bishop of Rochester, is not it time that the people of Holy Trinity were given a new vicar?

We may have something more to say about Mr. Martin and Holy Trinity next week. Meantime, we regret to hear that a young lady engaged in Missionary work in his parish has been annoyed by his conduct towards her, and has found it necessary to intimate that she declines any longer to have those personal and private communications with him common between ladies engaged in parish work and their Vicar.

ILLUSTRATED NURSERY RHYMES.—VII.



Hush-a-bye, Asquith, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come Asquith, cradle and all.

AMERICA AND THE JOHNSON FETISH.

By Henry Blanchamp.

On the 18th of this month there will be assembled at Lichfield one of the most curious gatherings ever known in the history of letters. English-speaking persons from all parts of the world will be doing homage in speech and in more or less intoxicating liquors to a second-rate prose-and-verse writer who was born two hundred years ago. Americans will, of course, be seen very much in the fore-front. After resting themselves for a few moments on a seat in a sawdusty Fleet Street tavern which Dr. Johnson is alleged, on no good authority, to have made warm years and years ago, they will have been transported to the "great Cham's" birthplace.

In the case of average English people Dr. Johnson's amazing vogue and the excessive deference paid to his memory is capable of some explanation; they do not read him. Their servile adoration is a brilliant triumph of Boswell over commonsense, of art over veracity. It is not so easy, however, to gauge the true inwardness of the American attitude of genuflection. It is surely unusual in a people who "licked creation" unnumbered generations ago, and who, in the person of a courageous Jew, have just deposited a sealed tube at the North Pole, "to be left till called for." It must, of course, be taken for granted that if the average Englishman does not read Johnson, the average American reads him still less, if possible. So the mystery deepens. Whence this knee-weakening delirium of the practical universe-licking Yankee about one of the half-a-dozen Samuel Johnsons who happened to scribble prose or verse in the eighteenth century?

The mystery becomes even still more mysterious when we realise in its full significance that Dr. Samuel Johnson heartily despised and detested the Americans. Throughout his life he never spoke or wrote one single word about them which was not abusive, contemptuous or menacing; and yet in American estimation he really seems to come second only to Shakespeare.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have exaggerated a somewhat natural bitterness of feeling that may have arisen when the Civil War was already in progress. Unfortunately, the facts do not bear out this theory. Although Chatham and his Whig followers, from 1766 onward, repeatedly, and with the utmost force of eloquence and logic, urged the reasonableness of the American claim to "no taxation without representation," Johnson blindly, madly maintained the contrary, against the best sense of statesmanship. As late as 1774 he published the pamphlet called "The Right of the British Legislature to Tax the American Colonies vindicated; and the means of asserting that right proposed." In it he combats, in language alternately scoffing and violent, the preposterous notion of the colonists that it was unjust to pay taxes for objects in which they had no concern or interest! Should they refuse to recognise the right of Parliament to tax them, he proclaims, a trifle too melodramatically perhaps, that there are means known to English civilisation of asserting that right. The threat is dire: "terror shakes" our "frame"; the excitement is almost too much to endure when we learn that the means of enforcement are—various Acts of Parliament, in italics, and an assertion of the King's absolute power, in capital letters!

This gigantic effort of intellect, however, did not entirely exhaust the doctor's virulent ingenuity at this period, when a mere feather was sufficient to turn the balance between peace and war. Accordingly he used the well-known authority of his name and position to influence the result of the crisis brought to pass by the resolution and address of the American Congress in 1775 (Lexington year). And what did this lover of freedom write, when there was a last chance, possibly, of averting the most horrible of avoidable human catastrophes by tactful and conciliatory words? An insolent, domineering, bullying pamphlet on "Taxation no Tyranny." Even that was not enough. Next year, 1776 (Declaration of Independence year), he gave birth to yet another monstrosity in the shape of a pamphlet, "Hypocrisy Unmasked, a Short Inquiry into the Religious Complaints of our American Colonies." Its contents display the same intolerant, blustering qualities as the others, without a ray of insight into the actual deadly-serious state of affairs. Chatham and his followers were to him merely dogs of Whigs; the Americans merely dogs of Colonials.

Perhaps they foster in their hearts some (ill-founded) conviction that whilst Dr. Johnson may, as a publicist and a state hireling, have written vehemently and scurrilously about them, he did not hate or despise them in his inmost soul. There is only one available method of ascertaining the truth on this point, and that is by an examination of his talk with intimate friends. And an explanation conclusively proves that he never had a good word for our Colonists. He saw no more virtues in them than art in a carved cotton troublesome insects. In the midst of the crisis, and when the war began, Johnson went about his ordinary tasks with unruffled serenity, with complete indifference to the incalculable human interests at stake. Not a fig did he truly care for independence and freedom! He went for country trips; in 1777 he quietly began the "Lives of the Poets," and finished it with the completest *sangfroid*. "Rascals, robbers, pirates" were among the politest epithets applied to the unintimidated Americans; and he once told Boswell he considered himself "a very polite man." He sometimes varied his language about them with such queries as: "How is it that we always hear the loudest yelpings for liberty amongst the drivers of negroes?" Johnson once gave as a toast to some "very grave men" at Oxford, "Here's to the next insurrection of negroes in the West Indies;" but his hatred of slavery was limited to the negroes. On one occasion, when American independence was the topic discussed, he flew into such a fury of reviling and denunciation that he parted even from the amiable Boswell, who favoured their cause, on most unfriendly terms. There are numerous other instances of the Doctor's strong anti-American feelings; and to kiss the hand that strikes them is hardly an American characteristic. What is the secret of their Johnson-mania?

Maybe, it is the scantiness of their own literature; their lack of any literary artists indisputably of the first supreme rank; the decay of their literary taste, which has dwindled to nothing in the more sensible and noble and glorious task of amassing money that is of no benefit either to its owners or to anyone else. It is certainly remarkable that during the last twenty years the United States, in spite of their enormously growing wealth and population, have produced nothing in art of permanent interest; whilst we—have we not amongst us the immortal——?

Or do Americans kow-tow to Johnson for his "sturdy independence" and "true love of freedom," those qualities on the possession of which they justly plume themselves? If so, it is only one more proof, if proof were indeed wanted, that they have none of them ever read Johnson or an account of his life. They prove themselves not even to have read the immortal Boswell, who played excellently the Plato to the Doctor's Socrates. For the truth is that Johnson was neither sturdily independent nor had he any true love of freedom, except for himself. To use his own definition of a "pensioner" as given in his notorious Dictionary, he was nothing but "A slave of the State hired by a stipend to obey his master." He was entirely unfrocked of his sturdy independence in 1760 when he received, from his brilliantly wise and abnormally gracious Majesty King George III., £300 a year as pension. It locked his mouth and curbed his pen effectually. In vain does he boisterously cry, "I wish that my pension were twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise." In vain does the loud blusterer attempt to carry off the shame of the transaction with such a self-damning phrase as, "I cannot now curse the House of Hanover; but I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover and drinking King James's health are amply over-balanced by three hundred pounds a year." The miserable renegade secretly despising himself!

To talk about such glorious ideals in connection with such a State hireling would be evidence of consummate ignorance of his inveterate egotisms. He cared not a rap about either liberty or independence, so long as he could overfill his voracious gullet. It was after receiving his pension in 1760 that he wrote, as the slave of the King (about whom Johnson raved because His Majesty had condescended to pay him a coarse, commonplace compliment), the disgraceful pamphlets already mentioned.

I flatter myself now, that, by eliminating all the most probable and plausible reasons for the American delirium, I have at length arrived at the simple, interesting truth. It is, that Americans profess to admire Johnson out of a feeling of creation-licking magnanimity. They beat us out of the colonies (with French help, it is true), and so they can afford to exhibit the cheap generosity of a victor. That they should cherish any heartfelt veneration for the great Cham is obviously out of the question. How could they venerate a man who would have brutally trampled on them (by pamphlets and horrific Acts of Parliament!) if he had happened to be on the conquering side? Impossible! And the further question inevitably comes: If we had been the victors in the bloody struggle, would present-day Americans then display such public adoration of their former enemy?

At any rate, it is very good and kind of them to be so now; especially as it is unintelligent and unintelligible.

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ONE MAN'S MEAT.

By Augustus M. Moore.

Bernard Hughes thought it all out carefully, slept over it, worked it out on paper, and finally made up his mind what to do. Boy and man he had worked for the old firm, and he liked the members personally, for their fathers had been considerate with his father, and he would do nothing in haste or shabby.

He meant rather to do them a good turn, to reason with them as a sensible man to sensible men before the trouble came and there would be no reasonableness on either side. Instead, therefore, of going out to dinner he went and washed, and sent in his name to the new manager.

The new manager was Robert Howard, a round-faced full-blooded man with fair curly hair and laughing blue eyes, who looked at all things in a good-humoured sort of way. He did not keep Bernard waiting long, and he listened attentively to what he had to say about his affection for the old firm, his anxiety to be fair, his criticism of the new hours, the new rate of pay, and the consequences that would surely follow.

Robert Howard said nothing while Bernard Hughes argued. It was not his way. When it was all said, he simply remarked:—

"This would have been very valuable three weeks ago. It is now too late, and I think you under-rate the good sense of the men. I appreciate your service in coming here and warning us, and you will oblige me by going to the cashier and drawing two weeks' pay and clearing out. Good-day."

"You wish me to go?"

"Why, certainly, since you are the only one who is dissatisfied. I like a quiet life. Good morning."

Bernard Hughes went out. He went with a light heart, because he knew he was right, and he felt free now to speak to the men. They, too, listened attentively, and they, too, laughed, the general sentiment being:—

"It be bad enough to obey Union; we don't want no dictators."

It was now Hughes' turn to smile, and, smiling, he turned on his heel, went home and told his wife—a bonny little woman, like most women with a timid brain and a brave heart. She kissed him, which showed him she thought he had acted for the best, as he always had done, and she kissed the children, which meant she trusted in God.

Next morning he was up and out early looking for work. He knew he would be refused in the first week, for the masters have to stand together in a small community, but when week followed week, and month followed month, and neither the masters would listen to his demands nor the men to his grievances, he began to feel a bit out of it, and to wonder if he had done right.

The day came when the money-lender would advance no more, and he was driven to the pawnbroker, and soon the children had to give up school, their boots and things generally being bad. All this time Bernard Hughes had continued to look for work. Sometimes he got nearer to it than at other times, but in the end it always came to the same thing:—

"Sorry—full!"

The masters were all of the same mind, and were not to be appeased. The men only saw Bernard Hughes passing, going from one yard to another, and one day when he was going home weary of foot and broken-hearted, a man he knew came up to him. They exchanged greetings in a half-hearted sort of way:—

"Where are you working now?"

"Nowhere!"

"Why?"

"Don't know—can't get it. Lend me a dollar."

"Better quit loafing!"

"So that's what you all think, is it?"

"Yes. Good-night."

Hughes felt too bitter to even reply, and the man who was once his friend walked on. When Hughes got home it was snowing, and there was no coal. He went to the pawnshop, but the shutter was slammed in his face. The next one he tried only gave him half the money the things were honestly worth, but he took it, and the next day he got an odd job and, off and on, things went a little better.

All the same, the faces of the children looked pinched, which was not wonderful, as they frequently went without fire and often without food. Then his favourite little girl sickened and the doctor was called in, but Hughes could not procure the necessities he prescribed and she died. The day they came and took her away and buried her his heart nearly broke, and but for his wife's care and comfort he would have gone mad. Still they struggled on, but it was a poor struggle, for even when the spring came it hardly brightened

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the now nearly empty cottage, and the half-starved and half-clothed little family.

When things were at their worst with this hard-tried man they changed. The Union had kept its head till the winter was over, but as the days grew longer and work more plentiful, delegates began to arrive, and, after certain futile parleyings, the men were called out, and the strike Hughes had prophesied was in full swing.

The public-houses were at first full by day and by night, but strike-pay does not go far, and soon the men stood in the streets and only smoked.

Things were not very cheerful, but the Union was strong financially and well organised. Sympathy was against the employers, and they could not secure the services of a single man who was worth his salt.

It was Bernard Hughes' chance and he took it. He went back to his old firm, and had no difficulty in seeing the manager.

"You know me?" said Hughes to his old enemy.

The new manager smiled.

"No! I have not the pleasure. What can I do for you?"

"I am changed, but I am the man who warned you what would happen, and who, for doing you this service, you sacked and black-marked everywhere."

"Yes, yes, I was mistaken. Sorry, I'm sure—some mistake."

"There was no mistake, and you're not sorry."

"Believe me——"

"No, sir, I wouldn't! There's no money in it. I've starved, have seen my wife and children starve, my little girl die——"

"Mr. Hughes, this is very sad, we all make mistakes——"

"Not twice!"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want men?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I want a job."

"You can start at once!"

"Not so quick. If I join, I shall be called a 'blackleg.' I may be set upon and beaten. When the strike is over—for you'll be beat, you may have to sack me again."

"My dear sir——"

"Hold on. I am an old servant of this firm, and you have good reason to trust me."

"Am I not trusting you?"

"Are you prepared to give me a three years' agreement?"

"Well, really——"

"Are you?"

"Won't you take my word?"

"No! You can't ask me. You wouldn't take mine."

There was a good deal of humming and hawing, but the manager was hard pressed for a man to trust, and eventually saw that such an arrangement was best for all parties. Hughes had his way. More, he drew three weeks' pay in advance, took it home, returned and stayed in the works for a week.

When he came out, he was met by the pickets. They argued with him. He told them bitterly how they had treated him, he flung it at them.

A yelling mob surrounded him, and the man who had made the excuse, and the man who had told him to quit loafing appealed to him. He shook his head. They offered him money. He smiled. They threatened him. He told them to do their worst. They cut his head with a stone, and they called him "blackleg," and both things hurt. But, at the end of the second week, and when he went home and saw his wife smiling, and his boy with new clogs, and his girl with a new pink dress, he turned on his heel, walked into the next town like a decent fellow, and out of sheer joy, got drunk.

COMPULSORY SUNDAY CLOSING.

The glory of the British race,
Who claim to rule the waves,
Was a strong determination
That they never would be slaves;
But a new idea of liberty
Our rulers are disclosing—
They would show their love of freedom
By compelling Sunday closing.

I guess we've had enough of this
Maternal legislation,
That seeks to whittle, bit by bit,
The freedom of the nation;
'Tis time the people roused themselves
From apathetic dozing,
And moved the closure on the cranks
Who scream for Sunday closing.

"RETLAW."

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"THE ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND SANATORIUM."

We have received the following :—

"Your statements in last week's JOHN BULL are perfectly correct in reference to the above-named Institution. You ask for more information. I will relate a few facts concerning the treatment experienced by a friend and a relative, both of whom were sent there for a month's rest. All patients, whatever their respective creeds or denominations, have to attend Church of England services. It may interest, even amuse you to learn, that at this establishment a male patient is called a 'Mustn't' and a female patient a 'Don't.' Those are the official names for male and female. The 'Don'ts' sit back to back with the 'Mustn'ts.' A 'Don't' must not converse with a 'Mustn't,' and *vice-versa*. This rule is strictly enforced, even when patients are out for their daily walks. Officials are even sent out to see that this rule is adhered to; and if this secret service official of the Sanatorium should see a 'Don't' conversing with a 'Mustn't, nothing is immediately said to the offending parties, but a report is taken back to headquarters and a severe caution administered next morning. Here is a specific case. A lady friend and male relation of mine were both staying at the Sanatorium at the same time. During their various occupations they sometimes saw each other at a distance, but of course could not speak. It so happened that they met face to face, and the 'Mustn't' in this case, after taking precaution to see that no officials were watching, conversed with the 'Don't.' They separated, thinking all was well. However, next morning the 'Mustn't' was told that the official of that sex would like to see him. On presenting himself he was told that if he was again seen talking to a 'Don't' he would be discharged. Should a patient offend in this way it is put down in writing on his card, and his or her employers know all about their 'misbehaviour' before the patient returns to business, so that one never knows what the consequences may be if he or she breaks a rule. During the summer months the female patients are allowed out until 7 p.m., and the males have to be in half-an-hour later. Fancy having to be in by half-past seven at a seaside resort like Weston-super-Mare."

It is well to hear the other side, and so the following :—

Will you kindly allow me a small space in your paper in order that the public may know the views of one of the women patients at the Royal West of England Sanatorium?

My father was an officer in the Bengal Staff Corps. I went in July of last year to the Sanatorium straight from hospital. I had intended staying only a fortnight, but finding all so comfortable, and being very happy there, I stayed, of my own accord, fourteen weeks.

As regards the rules (without which no large institution can be properly managed), they were very few and very simple.

The dining hall was large and well-ventilated, with two long tables down it, one for the men and one for the women.

The food, of which there was always a very ample supply, was excellent. The bread-and-butter was cut much thinner than I have ever seen it in any Institution; the buns, cake, jam, &c., were always much appreciated by myself and all.

In nearly every case women patients were allowed out for the day (9 a.m. till 7 p.m.) if they asked permission.

As to the dear little service held in the chapel every Sunday morning for barely an hour, all seemed to enjoy it, and many were helped and cheered.

I can most honestly say that I was perfectly happy at the Sanatorium, and found no rule irksome; all was a pleasure.

The one aim and object of the Lady Superintendent and the nurses is the comfort and welfare of the patients, for whom they give up all their time.

The truth seems to be that the Royal West of England Sanatorium is an excellent institution, but cramped by regulations, some of which are a little archaic.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

September 16th.—ROBERT BARR.

The incurable itch of writing possesses many.—*Juvenal.*

September 19th.—WM. HESKETH LEVER.

How are you off for soap?—*Street saying.*

September 21st.—ARTHUR ROBERTS.

A talent for comedy.—*Proverb.*

September 21st.—EDMUND BLAIR LEIGHTON.

I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough.—*Shakespeare.*

September 22nd.—EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Whoever has lost his former high position, becomes in distress a jest even to the lowest.—*Phædrus.*

September 22nd.—EUSTACE MILES.

Man is what he eats.—*Feuerbach.*

September 24th.—S. R. CROCKETT.

Think much, speak little, write less.—*Proverb.*

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What Is Your Number?
See page iii of cover.

A FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND.

By Yakov Krovski.

Having committed many crimes at home and even lost my passport, I decided to pay a visit to the land of the free. I came with all a foreigner's prejudices, expecting to behold women with long teeth and flat feet, men with long whiskers, tailors with long bills. But I was prepared to be respectful, for I had heard that Englishmen were rough and ready with their dukes since the Karageorge Budget. However, to my surprise, I was received affably. There were formalities at the landing-stage, and I was cross-examined as to my capital, but I borrowed a few roubles from a fellow passenger, and that ensured me a welcome.

The Pet of the Sweater.

On reaching the capital, I was told that the unemployed were very numerous. But my needs are very small. I can work for eighteen hours to earn a few kopecks, whereas the Briton requires beer and bacon; he is also hampered by trades unions, which restrict his energies and incite him to extort an impossible wage. I was therefore made welcome by the mercantile classes, who are (according to popular papers) the backbone of the country, the truest patriots, the champions of imperial tradition. They have their headquarters in Birmingham, I am told, and their one object in life is "to make the foreigner pay."

Well, they have not succeeded in my case, for I have paid nothing in cash, which is their one standard of payment. I have paid, of course, with the sweat of my brow, and have enabled consumers to consume more cheaply than they would otherwise have done. This, I gather, means depriving the natives of work, but I enable them to make their money go further.

England an Elysium.

My great puzzle is that all the nations of the world do not flock to England. They ought to be quite content to do all the work for the English, in return for the comforts, security, salubrity, and endless other advantages which are freely offered. How can anyone prefer the dangerous slums of Paris, the swaggering insolence of dragoon-ridden Berlin, the knouts and bombs of my native Russia, the anarchy of Spain, the shambles of the Balkans? You may think yourself sweated if you only earn a rouble a day in London, but, at any rate, it is your own rouble.

Sport.

And, if you are a sportsman, you will find far more fun for your rouble here than in any other part of the globe, the North Pole alone excepted. You complain bitterly of your kill-joys, but it seems to me that a fair amount of joy still remains alive. Remember that, in nearly every foreign country, sport is the private preserve of the rich. Here there is no end to the amusements of the people—from ratting down to football. Even pugilism is not unknown, and you can still put your kopecks on your fancy in a horse race. You are quite right to agitate for more freedom, but you might be a little more grateful for what you have.

Ingratitude.

If you will pardon a few home truths, I should like to tell you that the only fault I have to find with you is your disgusting ingratitude. You enjoy a delightful climate, neither too hot nor too cold, nor too wet nor too dry; in any case, it has not prevented you from developing into a nation of heroes. Yet you are always grumbling whenever you shiver or perspire. You are probably the only people in the world who enjoy the blessing of upright statesmen, unselfishly striving for the public weal; of just judges, utterly indifferent to bribes and social considerations; of ubiquitous philanthropy, equality of opportunity, civil and religious liberty. You are lightly taxed, your poor are generously relieved, you have the finest navy in the world, the vastest riches, the utmost development of self-respect. You alone can sleep soundly at night-time with a full assurance that foreign invasion is impossible. Yet, to hear some of you murmur in your beards, one might imagine that you were plundered and down-trodden, that you had cause to envy the foulest foreigner, that you were a pack of cowards.

Restlessness.

I also think you are losing dignity by abandoning your grand traditions of aristocratic repose. Your phlegm, your imperturbability used to be the wonder of the world. If you had a leg cut off, or a house burned, or a mother-in-law asphyxiated, we Continentals always imagined that you were content to raise an eye-glass, pull a whisker meditatively, and exclaim, "Oh! yes." But now you are almost as emotional as a weeping, kissing Frenchman. Take my advice, and remember that, once upon a time, you were proud to be called John Bull.

PICTURE COUPLETS.

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EACH CONTEST COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

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The charm of the idea is its simplicity. Each week a picture is published together with the first line of a couplet. You are invited to supply another line, the last word of which shall rhyme with the last word of the line given.

In the example you are given three alternative second lines, just to show you how easy it is. Now carefully read the conditions.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

In the third column below you will find the first line of a Picture Couplet together with a little sketch. What you have to do is to make a couplet by adding another line the last word of which must rhyme with the last word of the line given.

When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a POSTAL ORDER FOR SIXPENCE, and place it in an envelope, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

☛ Mark your envelope "Footballer" in the top left-hand corner.

All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, September 23rd.

Everyone who enters must compete on the printed entry form, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be awarded to the sender of the line which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, this one-half will be divided amongst all such senders.

The remaining one-half will be awarded in gifts among those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" guarantees that the amount available for distribution in this week's competition shall not be less than £100.

The Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition and telegrams will be ignored.

You may use the entry form below. The result will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* only.

YOU MAY USE THIS ENTRY FORM.

EXAMPLE.

When Jones dropped a match in the gunpowder jar
The report of his doings soon spread near and far. *Or,*
He wish-d that instead he had lit his cigar.
Or, He flew from the earth and was banged 'gainst a star.

No. of Postal Order

Why does the footballer stand on his toe?

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

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J.B. .....

Why does the footballer stand on his toe?
Sample second line—not to be used:
Because at the goal he's about to let go.

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

BY WALTER MOORE.

XVI.—DR. COOK.

Polar exploration vying with aerial flight as the topic of the moment, I hastened across to Copenhagen for the purpose of interviewing Dr. F. A. Cook.

"So you actually reached the North Pole, ?" I said, wasting no time with preliminaries.

"I did," replied Dr. Cook, assuming a guarded expression.

"Where is your evidence ?" I demanded.

"At the Pole," was the Doctor's answer.

"Can you prove to the satisfaction of the scientific world that you achieved the feat ?"

"It is for the scientific world to prove that I did not, and I defy them to do that without going there."

"You suggest that by going there they will discover your claim to be unfounded."

"Nothing of the kind. I shall always have the explanation that the drifting ice has carried away the flag and the metal cylinder containing an account of my journey, which I buried at the foot of the flagstaff."

"So it will always be impossible either to confirm or refute your claim ?"

"Quite so. That is where I score."

"By the way," I continued, "do you happen to be related in any way to De Rougemont, who discovered Australia about ten years ago ?"

"I haven't the honour."

"Is it the intention of the United States Government to make you a grant of £20,000 out of public funds ?"

"I hope not. I have no desire to saddle the people with the cost of an expedition which has merely a scientific interest. Although I may be called an arctic De Rougemont, I am at least no Shackleton."

"Are you aware that Commander Peary says your story is moonshine ?"

"Let him. I shall have had my day. One hour of glorious bliss is worth an age without a name."

"It is a pity you did not bring back with you a portion of the Pole as proof positive."

"That is absurd. There is no actual pole. It is merely an imaginary projection of the earth's axis."

"But Peary states that he nailed the Stars and Stripes to it."

"Americans are prone to nail the Stars and Stripes to imaginary objects."

"At any rate, if the Commander returns and says you haven't been there, you will be 'up the pole' with a vengeance."

"Then I shall turn my attention to the South Pole. It promises more profitable *returns*. I might come in for a £20,000 grant."

"I think not—at least from an English Government—and I know of no other that would be foolish enough to waste the people's money in that way," I said.

"But I should have a sounder claim upon public assistance than has Shackleton."

"We won't waste any more time with oblique references to Shackleton, and his connections," I said. "Besides, we might excite the hostility of the Sydenham press—a thing to be contemplated with fear and trembling."

"How do you like the Esquimaux ?" I asked, after a moment's pause for refreshment.

"Very much. They are so very ignorant and credulous."

"I see. But at the same time, Doctor," I continued, "I must say that a remark of that sort is not calculated to inspire confidence in the truth of your claim."

"I don't care a Continental," declared Dr. Cook. "So much doubt already has been cast upon my statements, that I myself am beginning to wonder whether they are true or no. You may tell the readers of JOHN BULL that they may believe me or not—just as they please."

"The readers of JOHN BULL may be a little sceptical," I responded, "but they are willing to give you the benefit of the doubt until the doubt is removed—one way or the other. They admire your bravery in any case, for you certainly have encountered dangers that might appal the most courageous. They will praise your achievement when they are satisfied as to its truth. Even if you turn out to be guilty of—er—terminological inexactitudes, they will still admire—your effrontery."

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Dr. F. A. Koch, Ice Merchant.

MY DEAR KOCH,—I cannot quite make up my mind whether you are unconsciously deceiving yourself or are deliberately trying to deceive others; whether you believe everything you say or say everything you don't believe—whether, to make no bones, you are a lamentable monomaniac or a magnificent liar. I am bound to tell you, my dear Koch, that appearances are against you. You have not "jined your flats"; you have contradicted yourself over and over again; and though the Danish *savants* have taken you on trust, crowning you with roses and filling you with choice food and precious wine, throwing their hats up for you and their gold medals at you, I regard it as significant that the Kaiser, your distinguished fellow-countryman, has not even sent you a sixpenny wire.

JOHN BULL.

To Commander Peary, Address Unknown.

SIR,—I don't believe you have been to the North Pole either. Your alleged rate of travel appears to have been even faster than Koch's, which all experts say was incredible. So far we have had nothing from you but bombastic telegrams and abuse of your rival. It will surprise me very much if you produce any plausible proofs. Yankees are such notorious—poets—that you must not be surprised if people hesitate to take your assertions on trust.

JOHN BULL.

To F. S. Cody, Esq., Bird Man, Farnborough.

DEAR CODY,—You have had to stand so much chaffing that I am delighted to acknowledge he laughs best who laughs last. You are now a long way ahead of the jokers, and it is evident that we have to take you seriously. Feats of human flight have now almost ceased to astonish, so fast does the world travel, so rapid is the march of ideas. But yesterday, as it were, you seemed a ludicrous muddler, so that even the War Office got tired. Pluck, perseverance, and patience have won at last, therefore I make haste to congratulate you. You are not an Englishman, but they tell me you are about to become one. Well, hurry up. I shall gladly welcome you as a fellow subject.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief of Police, Norwich.

SIR,—I have to call your attention to a painful scene which occurred at Watton railway station recently. Two hungry warehousemen on tramp for work, found on their way to Watton a calico bag containing a piece of pork, a piece of ham, a piece of bread, and some currant cake, the breakfast of a labourer who was working some distance away. They ate the food, and were subsequently arrested, handcuffed, taken from Norwich to Watton, sentenced at the Petty Sessions to one day's and seven days' imprisonment respectively, handcuffed again, marched on to the railway station, exhibited on the platform while the train came in, and then taken back to Norwich.

I have seen convicts handcuffed together on London railway stations—the most pitiful sight of all, poor Oscar Wilde vainly trying to acknowledge with his manacled hands the salute of one who had raised his hat to him even in his shame and degradation; but here were men whose only offence was that they had stolen a shillingsworth of food to satisfy their hunger. Sir, I know not who was responsible, but I say it was a shameful and scandalous exhibition. Am I to believe your instructions were that men charged and convicted of petty offences shall be publicly degraded in this way? If not, it is my request that you will put yourself in communication with whoever has issued them, pointing out that they discredit the whole police force of Norwich.

JOHN BULL.

To Mike Mahoney, Esq., Police Magistrate, Dublin.

MY DEAR MIKE,—I've a notion ye'll be runnin' into throuble wid th' widders if ye don't hould yer tongue about thim pirambulathors. Ye're no father y'rsilf annyhow, I'm thinkin, or ye wouldn't open y'r nut-crackers on th' bench iv justhice to frighten away all th' nursery maids an' th' new married wimmin an' the mothers iv six frim th' pavement wid their push carts. "Pirambulathors are a great nuisance, sire," ye says to th' polisman on th' bate, says ye. "I don't know why they'er allowed at all at all," says ye. Wid iv'ry rispict, what would y'r anner do if ye was th' mother of thwins dhrawing the scale at fourteen pounds apiece an' no wan besides yersilf to giv thim an airin'? Would yer anner carry thim f'r miles wid wan thwin in each arrm, or would ye save up an' buy a pirambulathor an' wheel thim into th' middle iv th' thraffic an' thry an' dodge th' mothor cars, an' thrams, an' buses wid prospicts iv wan inquist on th' thwins an' another wan on yersilf? Divvel a bit iv an inquist ye'd risk, I says.

Mebbe ye don't want my opinion, an' that's why y're gittin' it free gratis an' f'r nothin'; it's that th' logical consthruction iv the nat'ral stathutes make it clear to iv'rywan that babies were made f'r men an' wimmen, an' pirambulathors f'r babies, an' footpaths f'r pirambulathors. Did not y'r own owld mother push ye along th' footpath in a pirambulathor afore ye got a magisthrate's licence from Dublin Castle? Anathema to ye f'r an ongrateful son iv th' parent who wheeled ye whin ye hadn't enough sinse to use y'r feet. Rimimber that wan iv these days ye may have to be wheeled in a pirambulathor agin, an' this is to give ye warnin' that if I catch ye in it whin ye're not in th' thick iv th' vehicular thraffic an pethrol perfume I'll have th' law on ye f'r obsthructin' th' footpath yersilf, so I will.

JOHN BULL.

To Father John Curry, P.P., Drogheda.

REVEREND SORR,—How your bosom must swell with pride over your triumph in saving the good people of Drogheda from corruption. Since the "curse of Cromwell," they can scarcely have faced greater peril than when the Pears' soap people threatened to exhibit a nude baby on a poster. With the courage of your convictions, fearing nothing, not even ridicule, you and your bishop gallantly insisted that a garment should be painted over the child from waist to knees. So the blushes of Drogheda are to be spared, and Messrs. Pears have secured another splendid advertisement.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Thesiger, Addis Ababa.

SIR,—Congratulations on promotion. Your experience at Belgrade makes you specially fitted to deal with a savage monarch. But you will have to be a very clever fellow if you are going to do as well as your predecessor, Sir John Harrington, who consolidated British prestige in Abyssinia.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Frankau, Cleveland Club.

MADAM,—Glad to hear that you have contracted a habit of giving up writing whenever you are disappointed in the reception of your work. Also that you have now done with the writing of books. As you say, embroidery is your real expression, and it is at least a harmless one. I wish I could persuade many other writers to follow your excellent example. What splendid embroidery we might have!

JOHN BULL.

Canon Turnbull, Penistone.

Congratulations upon vindication from charge of neglect and incapacity. Old age, after half a century of faithful service, should be no crime.

BULL.

Prince Miguel of Braganza.

All good wishes for your prosperity. Regret that you have thought it necessary to abandon your rights in Portugal, but hope other members of your family will persevere. Your bride's vast wealth will be useful for a counter-revolution.

BULL.

Rosebery, Dalmeny Park, Dalmeny, N.B.

Note your statement, Glasgow, that Dukes are poor but honest class. Am now offering up a little prayer we may all be poor—and honest.

BULL.

Sir James Crichton Browne, Physician, London.

Agree with you even duchesses should be able to make porridge or boil a potato. If you were a duke, however, would you let the Duchess do it for you?

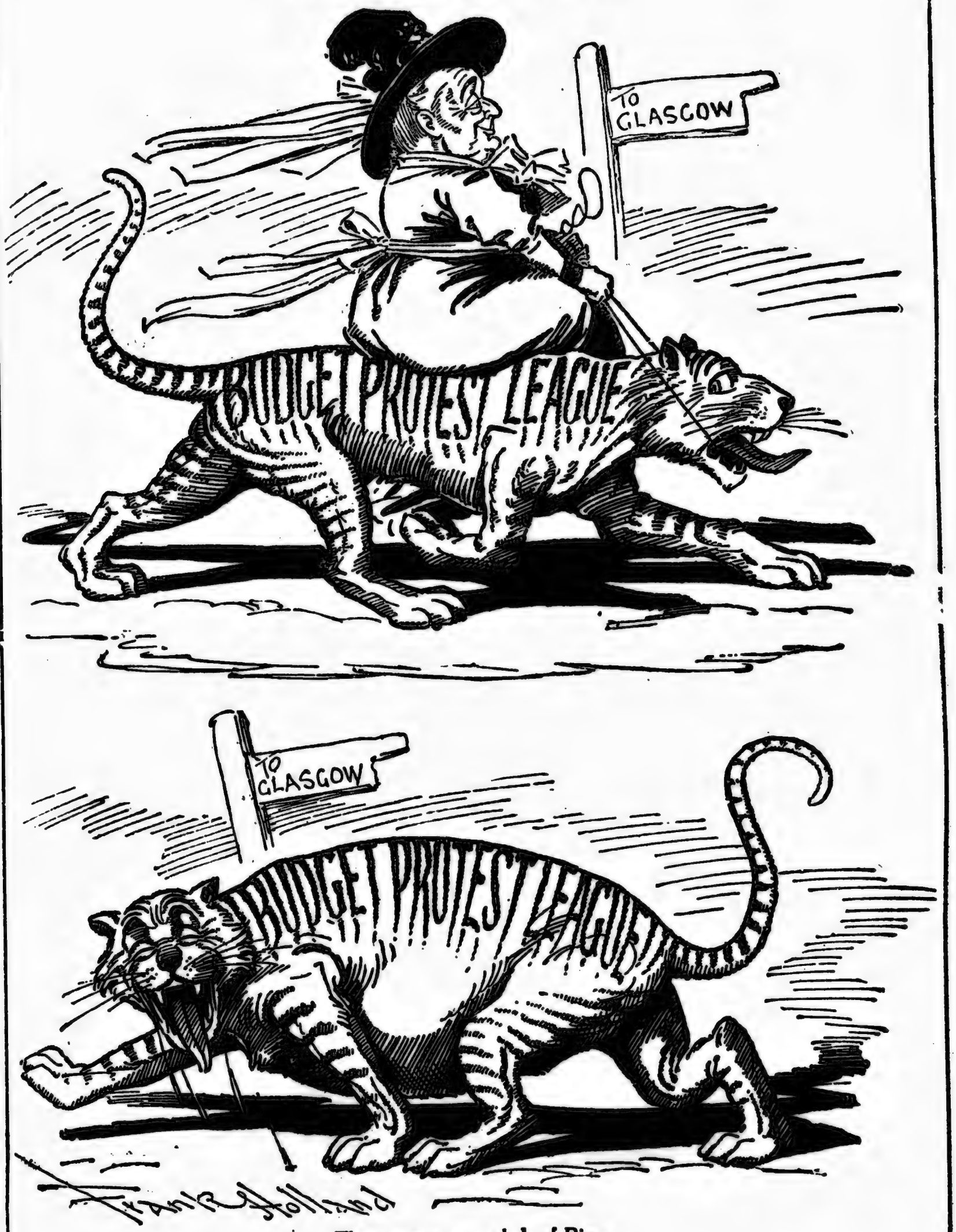
BULL.

Herbert Lewis, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Local Government Board, House of Commons.

Glad hear your appearance in House with arm in sling due to trapped hand and not to result row with your chief, John Burns. Never forget he's rather a knock out.

BULL.

ROSEBERY'S RIDE.



There was a young lady of Riga
Who went for a ride on a tiger.
They returned from that ride
With the lady inside
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

In no circumstances can we undertake the purchase or sale of securities on behalf of our readers.

"THE ISSUING HOUSE OF LONDON."

We have from time to time advised readers who have consulted us upon the matter to have nothing to do with this concern of pretentious name. But a certain section of the public cannot withstand a pretentious title when it is used by a concern that promises wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. We have before us a letter referring to "The Issuing House of London," from which we quote :—

> Some little time ago I did business with them. The first deal I had with them was £1 closed 25 per cent. profit. I received a cheque for £1 5s. The next deal was £5 in Readings; this was closed 100 per cent. profit; the profit and principal were invested in a deal in Milwaukees. I covered this deal with £10; this closed with 100 per cent. profit; £1 was charged for carrying over; I received a cheque for £19, leaving a balance of £10 for a deal in Southern Pacifics, which closed 100 per cent. profit. £10 was invested in Baltimores, covered with £10 closed 100 per cent. profit. I invested £20 in Louisvilles, covered with £20; both these deals closed 100 per cent. profit. I have only had one cheque, £19, for the deal in Milwaukees; they owe me at the present time £74.

Our correspondent sends us some of the correspondence he has had. On June 7th these people write him :—

> We are in receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., to hand this morning, and thank you for the contents of same. As you will see from the enclosed contract, we have been able to close your Louisville at the maximum profit, and we also forward your statement of account to date.

Our correspondent was no doubt pleased to hear of the profit and wanted to finger it without ado, so he writes to them on June 9th, asking when he may expect the cheque, and they reply under date June 10th as follows :—

> In reply to your letter, we regret the delay which has occurred in forwarding you your cheque, but owing to our recent heavy losses we have been making arrangements for the introduction of further capital into the business, which, however, have not yet been completed.

On June 14th, our correspondent is asked to consent to a scheme "for the ultimate payment in full of all amounts due," and on July 21st he is informed that :—

> We fully anticipate that as soon as we have got again well started, to be able to pay considerably higher instalments than the scheme provides for.

A final letter is as follows :—

> We regret to have to inform you that in consequence of a slight delay in receiving the new capital for our business we are unable to forward you the instalment now due, but expect to be in a position to do so within a few days.

And on the face of this correspondence our correspondent wants to know whether the Issuing House of London, Limited, is a "reliable business house"!

FARROW'S BANK.

The report and balance sheet show a net profit of £12,011 7s. 11d. for the year ended June 30th last, and allows the payment of a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital, leaving £3,487 17s. 4d. undivided profit to be carried forward to the next financial year. The "current account and deposit turnover has provided the bank during the year with large capital facilities, while the various departments have greatly increased their operations."

WALDORF HOTEL.

We are glad to learn that the directors have at last taken our hint and applied to the Stock Exchange for a special settlement in both the Preference and the Ordinary shares. In view of the fact that the half-year's trade, just concluded, shows a big increase over the corresponding period of last year, and that the year's profits will probably reach £40,000 as against £30,000 for the first twelve months, the Ordinary shares should be picked up by those looking for a cheap stock.

MARKET GOSSIP.

As forecasted in this column last week, preparation for the New Account has been the principal event, and general business has been restricted.

Consols have receded slightly, and should go lower.

Home Rails.—Absolutely featureless, with disappointing traffic receipts.

Foreign Market.—Steady, with no particular movement.

Foreign Railways.—Mexican Railway stocks have been in demand, and look like improving further, the traffic receipts being satisfactory.

The Miscellaneous Market has been active, the principal dealings being in the shares of the Pekin Syndicate and Shansi. Vickers Maxims have been in demand, and British North Borneo shares have improved. It is probable that an increased dividend on these will be declared.

Rubber Shares have been a quiet market. To read some of the market reports in financial papers it would appear that a very active market existed in this department. This is not the case. In the majority of cases it is very difficult to get a price for any quantity of shares, and dealings really are a matter of negotiation. Last week's warning must be repeated—do not buy more than you can afford to pay for.

American Railways have been flat on the illness of Mr. Harriman and *the fears* of a fatal termination of that illness. With the usual contrariness of markets, a great improvement took place on the announcement of his death. This is probably accounted for by bears taking in their stocks on the principle that what they had gone for had come off. Last week's recommendation must be repeated—leave American stocks alone. The time is not far distant when a great collapse will occur, more especially in Steels, which are at a ridiculously inflated price.

Canadian Railways are firm, and have improved in price. A further improvement may be expected.

The Mining Market.—Taking the South African market as a whole, the week's trading has left prices practically unchanged. East Rands have improved, and may probably still rise. Diamond shares have been in demand. De Beers have risen appreciably. They are talked considerably higher, owing to the greatly increased demand for diamonds. It is difficult to understand why this sudden demand for diamonds should have arisen. Rhodesians have been steady practically at last week's prices. A new share is being introduced next week to the market, viz., The Berlin Proprietary Mines, Ltd., which owns a property in the Zoutpansberg district of the Transvaal. More information of this will be given next week, but it appears probable from the perusal of reports received so far that it has good chances.

West Australians are unchanged. Interest in these has been killed by the mismanagement of so many of the companies. The Burbanks Birthday Gold Mines, Ltd., whose report has just been issued, is one very good instance of this. The Company—which, by the way, is prudently registered in Western Australia—appears to be run solely for the benefit of the directors and officials of the Company.

West Africans show a drooping tendency, but if all reports are to be believed, an improvement in the *better class* shares of this section is probable.

Monday.

Postcript.—There is little or nothing of any interest to note in markets. Money is in more demand, and looks like becoming dearer, in which case Consols will go still lower. Kaffirs are off colour, and business is on a small scale. As anticipated, Rio Tintos have fallen, and will go lower, the copper position being far from satisfactory. Americans continue their erratic course, but there is little doubt that much lower prices will be seen in the near future. Money is dearer in New York, and will be more so, in addition to which there is sure to be considerable quarrelling over the disposition of the Harriman properties. In this market, however, anything can happen. Bears are equally as dangerous as Bulls, so they are best left alone. The *Weekly Report*—Messrs. Mandeville's paper—strongly advises the purchase of King's Treasury Gold Mines. It is to be hoped that the public will not follow the advice given, remembering what has already been written about them in these columns. It is a ramp.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

Warrants for the six months' dividend upon the Preference shares will be sent out on the 29th inst., together with an interim report, when several important developments of the Company's business will be foreshadowed.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

ANGLO-GERMAN TERRITORIES.—WORRIED (Newcastle).—You are quite right. If a prospectus of the Anglo-German Territories had been issued, and you had applied on the terms of that prospectus for shares, you could have demanded the return of your money on the ground of misrepresentation as to the directors, and the area and situation of the property As, however, you purchased on the statements advertised in the financial papers, which have since been proved to be wrong, your only course is to place the matter before the Committee of the London Stock Exchange, who possibly will then refuse to grant a settlement in the shares, in which case you will not be a loser. Failing this, your only course is to go to a good solicitor, and take his advice, with the view to find out the originators of the advertisements by which you were induced to purchase, and then take proceedings for recovery of your money. We shall be glad to place you in touch with others who have been caught similarly, so that you can take joint action. It is certainly a case which should be thoroughly investigated.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—CHINA (Horsham).—(1) There is no possibility of your brother receiving a penny from the estate. (2) We cannot advise his accepting Mr. Mandeville's offer of profit-sharing bonds.

HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK.—A LONDON CITIZEN.—We are surprised that "a London citizen" should be in doubt as to whether the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank is safe.

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—A. W. (Rochdale).—It is a very respectable society.

LIST OF SECURITIES.—F. B.—Excluding Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, the other securities represent sound investments.

BROKEN HILL PROPS.—E. P. W. (East Twickenham).—We should be content to hold what you have. We do not think there is much likelihood of improvement in the other shares you name.

RUBBER SHARES.—W. W. (Bradford).—Rubber Explorations are our selection.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—W. H. J. (Forest Gate).—Not very strong.

FARROW'S BANK.—T. H. L. (Kibworth Beauchamp).—Yes, we think so. M. S. L. (London.)—Ditto. GADGIT (W. Woodford).—We know of no good reason why you should not do so. W. H. T. (Kelso).—Ditto.

PERFECT SAFETY OIL LAMP.—E. S. V. (Tooting).—We regret we can be of no service to you.

INVESTMENT OF £200.—W. J. W. (Birmingham).—We think you might make a much better selection.

THE U.K. TEA CO.—BEESWAX (Kilburn).—There are very few dealings in these shares.

LIPTON'S, LIMITED.—ARD PATRICK (Waterford).—We think them a good speculative purchase.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—J. C. (Leeds).—We should be disposed to accept Option No. 2. We return your papers. H. G. Liverpool).—Ditto. H. J. C. (St. Helen's).—Ditto.

RELIANCE TAXICAB CO.—F. J. L. (Clapham Rise).—We fear we can give you no comfort in the matter. You certainly would not get the return of your money by merely applying to the Company for it, and although possibly an appeal to the Courts might be successful, it would be a very costly business. We return your papers.

JOHNSON AND PHILLIPS, LTD.—A. F. (Chingford).—We should sell.

TRIPLE COMBINATION.—G. P. F. (Windsor).—You should have put the printed matter you send us into the wastepaper basket, and unless you want to lose your money, have nothing to do with triple combinations or any similar device for transferring money from the pockets of the public into those of outside brokers.

GOBEL BREWERY SHARES (DETROIT).—LEO (Brook Green).—We never recommend investment in American brewery companies.

NORTH WHITE FEATHER GOLD MINE.—W. A. N. (Burton-on-Trent).—No, and the same answer applies to the other shares you mention.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—N. N. M. (Birkenhead).—We do not recommend them. You should buy sound Home Industrial shares.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—B. G. B. (Clapham Road).—Yes, the bank is covered by the society. The reply to your second question is in the affirmative.

TRANSFER OF SECURITIES.—DOMINION (Great Malvern).—We should prefer to leave your money where it is. It is in a first-rate company. Although you might get a little more interest by going somewhere else, you might easily go farther and fare worse.

BELLE VUE, LIMITED.—ANXIOUS (Bristol.)—The present company is the third reconstruction of a company of similar name registered November, 1896, first reconstructed in 1899, and secondly in 1902. We are afraid you would find it difficult to dispose of your shares.

ALLOTMENT OF SHARES.—S. M. (Paisley).—You should write to the Secretary on the matter.

SPECULATION WITH £10.—A. E. B. L. (Leicester).—We cannot help you as to how you are to make money on the Stock Exchange with £10. Better keep it in the Savings Bank.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—C A. W. R. (Gravesend).—We have enquired into this matter, and your statement does not differ from that sent us by the National Share Exchange. The weakness of your position is that you were in their debt. You say that you wrote and told them that you had no cheques with you, being on your holiday, but would send them a remittance directly you got home. But there you put yourself at their mercy, and we do not think you can greatly complain if they did not oblige you by letting the matter stand over. The Secretary of the Exchange writes to us: "As we only deal for cash and do not open credit accounts, margin has to be paid us on each separate deal, and we do not see where your correspondent has anything to complain of." We do not see the answer to this. So long as they make their terms of dealing plain, and stick to them, we do not see that there is any ground for complaint. You wanted the National Share Exchange to oblige you by waiving one of their principal conditions of business in your favour, and they refused. The market was running against them, and it was your own negligence that prevented your getting the profit to which you might otherwise have been entitled.

THE INSHAW STEEL TUBE COMPANY, LIMITED.—H. H. (Stourbridge).—We cannot recommend you to act upon the suggestion of the Empyrean Corporation, Limited. We return your papers.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, LIMITED.—ANSTER (Fife).—We do not recommend the investment.

SIX MINING COMPANIES.—O. (Sheerness).—All very speculative.

GLANAMMAN ANTHRACITE COLLIERIES.—X. Y. Z. (Redruth).—We cannot recommend investment in this company.

MILAN LOTTERY.—W. B. (Bradford).—We regret that we cannot be of assistance to you in the matter.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—W. F. (Worksop).—We do not recommend it. DEPOSITOR.—Ditto.

FREDK. SAGE AND CO.—J. H. G. (Christchurch).—We should take the offer.

WYMAN AND SONS PREFERENCE.—H. J. M. (Richmond.)—Any broker would serve your purpose as well as the one who acts for the company.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—INTEREST (Dalmuir).—We cannot advise you to act upon the advice given by the people who advertise in the paper you send us.

CROSOER AND COMPANY.—P. M. (Leytonstone).—We know of nothing to their discredit.

UNITED KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED.—J. M. (Maidenhead).—Possibly you are right in thinking that "those who sit tight will in due course be paid in full when the bonds have matured." For our part we should sell if we had the opportunity. A. A. A. (London).—We do not.

TRUST IN STEELS COMMON.—H. K. (Finsbury Park).—You must exercise your own intelligence.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—C. C. (Leicester).—We do not think you will add to what you describe as a scanty income by sending your money to these lottery people.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.—B. S. B. (Strand).—We fear you will have to write off the amount as a bad debt.

NELSON TEA PENSIONS.—J. H (Kensington).—You should apply to the liquidator.

RE W. H. WARNE.—A. N. (Yeovil).—We are much obliged for the information you send us.

NEUTORILE COMPANY.—NEUTORILE (Winchester).—We do not advise you to put money into this concern.

THE EAST KENT COAL CONCESSIONS COMPANY.—A. F. T. (Uckfield).—No, we cannot advise you to act upon the recommendation to purchase these shares

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—E. W. (Gorton).—You say you are "only a working man who is desirous of adding to my income in an honest way," and you hope to add to it by sending money to outside brokers in order to put it into a triple combination. If you take our advice you will keep your money in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe, which is a good deal more than could be said of it if you sent it to outside brokers for the purpose described. J. W. (Belfast).—Ditto.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—DELTA (Islington).—Buy some good home industrial shares.

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES.—W. H. A. (Buncrana).—It is not a purchase we should recommend. We believe the present board is doing its best to retrieve past mistakes, but as matters stand the shares would represent a very speculative purchase.

WHITSTABLE OYSTER COMPANY.—F. A. A. (London).—We should prefer another investment.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—J. R. (West Ham).—We do not think the purchase an attractive one.

J. P. RESTAURANTS.—J. W. (Beckenham).—Our information is that the company is doing fairly well.

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST.—W. W. (Hendon).—We do not know at what price 100 shares in this company can be bought. The shares are not quoted on the Stock Exchange.

COLUMBIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY.—G. D. (Southampton).—We will look into the matter and answer your letter next week.

NORTH-EAST LINCOLNSHIRE WATER COMPANY.—ENQUIRER (Bradford).—We have read over the correspondence you have had with the company, and the secretary seems to put the position quite accurately. The suggestion that you should communicate with the company's auditors is a reasonable one.

SEVEN PER CENT.—J. H. (Holborn).—It is not easy to name a number of stocks offering good security and 7 per cent., indeed, it is impossible to get such shares that are not of a somewhat speculative character. The ordinary shares of James Nelson and Son yield about 9½ per cent., but the profits of the company are subject to very wide variations. Mather and Platt would give you a return of about 8½ per cent. The shares of the Brompton and Electricity Supply Company yield about 6 per cent. Those of the India Rubber, Gutta Percha and Telegraph Works Company, over 6½ per cent.

CORDOBA NON-CUM PREFERENCE STOCK.—REGULAR READER (Clapham).—At its present price the stock gives you about 5 per cent., and represents an attractive investment.

BIDDULPH, BRADLEY GREEN AND BLACKPOOL GAS COMPANY, LIMITED.—AN ORPHAN (Shepherd's Bush).—We have no information.

PATENT AGENTS.—ROYAL NAVY (Devonport).—We regret that we can be of no assistance to you in recommending patent agents.

GOVERNMENT SAVINGS' BANK.—A WORKING MAN (Southampton).—Your explanation hits the mark. Do not attach any importance to the impudent statements of these outside brokers as to the Government Savings Bank. Your money is, of course, absolutely safe in it, seeing that it has the whole credit of the State behind it.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—G. M. C. (Glasgow).—Our information is that they do not.

KALGOORLIE MINES.—FRENCH ENQUIRER (London).—We think so, but as to the £2,000, that is quite another matter.

THE HAVERSTOCK CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. A. S. (Plaistow).—The Society seems to be prudently managed, and although its operations are small, its financial position appears to be sound.

PROVINCIAL SICK BENEFIT TRUST.—G. S. (Brighton).—We have gone through the correspondene, which we return, but we do not think it warrants your somewhat sweeping deduction.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. H. (Plymouth).—We have no recollection of replying to a question of yours in the way indicated, but we may have done so. We cannot undertake to make the examination of our files that would be necessary to give you a positive answer.

BRITISH CROWN ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—A CONSTANT READER.—This company is a very young one, having been established in 1907 with an authorised capital of £300,000, of which £250,000 has been subscribed and £50,000 paid up. It is under very respectable management.

MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—H. A. (Fritchley).—You appear to have a grievance, but we regret that we cannot help you in the matter. We return your papers.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. Z. A. C. (Leeds).—If you are a policy-holder in this company and will write direct to the secretary, he will, we are sure, afford you the fullest information regarding your policy or the position of the company generally. All policies issued by the New York Life Insurance Company since January 1st, 1907, provide for annual bonuses in one of four forms.

BRITISH HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—W. H. (Hockley).—If you cannot keep up the payments, the best thing for you to do is to take the surrender value. As to what that would be, you should apply to the head office of the company.

EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE CORPORATION.—PERPLEXED (Glasgow).—The company was established in 1900. We knew nothing about the Key insurance scheme to which you refer.

SELF HELP INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. T.—Send us one of the leaflets to which you refer.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Edmonton).—There is no cause for anxiety. It is a very sound office.

MERCANTILE AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—ENDOWMENT (Birmingham).—The company was established in 1907, and is a non-tariff office doing fire and accident business.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—F. A. S. (Liscard).—The company would, of course, be bound by the conditions of the insurance.

EXCELSIOR INSURANCE SOCIETY.—T. McD. (Byker).—We have looked over your papers, which we return. The only advice we can give you is to instruct a solicitor to proceed to recover.

FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. F. (Camberwell).—You will see a reference we made to this company in our last issue. We shall be glad to do our best to enlighten you on any point not mentioned in that answer if you will let us know what it is.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—L. H. (Blackheath).—We have your letter enclosing one from Mr. Taverner, mostly made up of abuse of JOHN BULL. You are aware of the difficulty we have in recommending Mr. Taverner's Trust, and if you are content to accept his assurances, and continue a member of the Trust, it is a matter for you, not for us. A. H. —Ditto.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

"SLEEPING OUT."

We wish we could think that Mr. Luttrell's Bill for abolishing the offence of "sleeping out" had any chance of being passed this session, but its object is so good, and the need for it so urgent, that we trust next session may see the suggested change in the law made. The Bill provides for the repeal of Section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, which includes among offenders "every person wandering abroad and lodging in any barn, or outhouse, or in any deserted or unoccupied building, or in the open air, or under a tent, or in any cart of wagon, not having any visible means of subsistence, and not giving a good account of himself or herself." Our columns constantly bear eloquent testimony to the abominable way in which many rural magistrates interpret their duty under the Act, a measure passed over eighty years ago, and quite opposed to the public sentiment of present times.

MINISTERS AND THE COURTS.

The number of lawyers in the present Government is without precedent. Until it was formed, the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary for War, were earning their living by the practice of the law, and several other Ministers, Mr. Birrell for example, had tried their hands at getting briefs, or—as in the case of Lord Wolverhampton—in preparing them. In these circumstances it might have been assumed that the present Ministry would have been specially anxious not to limit the jurisdiction of the Courts; but, in fact, no Government within living memory, and, so far as we can recall, no Government since the Cabinet system was first invented, has so persistently sought to place the citizen at the mercy of officials by depriving him of the right to appeal against their decisions to the ordinary Courts. Within the last few weeks we have seen the Government, in the matter of Irish land purchase, doing their best to place Irish landowners absolutely at the mercy of Irish Land officials by refusing the right of appeal to the Courts. And time and again we see the same thing in the Budget proposals of Ministers, as, for example, the power given to the Treasury to make regulations under Clause 30, which would render the right of appeal to the Courts almost nugatory in many cases. The people of this country must have changed very much if for any time they tolerate this despotism of officialdom. Sensible men are not fond of law, but they are even less fond of meddling officials. Until now, these gentry have been kept in some sort of check by the knowledge that in matters between them and the citizen the latter may appeal to the Courts, where justice will be done. Take away this safeguard, and the citizen is at the mercy of the bureaucrat. Mr. Asquith thinks that is as it should be, but we are much mistaken if the electorate will not make short work of it once it understands the meaning of the change.

AN ABORTIVE POLICY.

"The whole of the rules of insurance companies will have to be altered, either by Act of Parliament or by the companies themselves." Thus spoke Judge Hamilton of the Accrington County Court. With the spirit of the remark anyone who knows the workings of some of our insurance companies cannot but sympathise, although the Judge may have been too sweeping. There was provocation for his censure, however. A company, whose name is mercifully suppressed by the newspapers, issued a policy without a proposal; whereas, to quote the judge, "a proposal is, or should be, the foundation of the contract." The company did not even know whether the person insured had any existence, but it took the money of a woman whose grandfather was the person supposed to be insured. In the policy the grandfather's address was not correct; and of course there was a squabble. Eventually the woman had to sue for the return of premiums to the amount of £9 3s.; and we are happy to state, whatever the general merits of the case, that she got them. Some of these insurance companies want more than a little watching.

PREMIUM BONDS AND THE COURTS.

We have more than once pointed out the view taken by the Courts of the character of those premium bonds which have been so extensively sold in this country during the last two or three years. A letter from Mr. W. B. Peat, liquidator of the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., dated August 26th, shows that the Court of Chancery has emphasised its previous declarations by directing him that "claims of persons in respect of bonds undelivered, which bonds have been paid for, wholly or in part, by claimants, are not to rank in the liquidation in cases where such bond or bonds were specifically allocated by the Corporation to the claims in its books by numbers and description." In other words, the transactions were void under the Gaming Act and do not, therefore, rank as claims.

EVADING EXECUTION.

The following letter, from a London solicitor, speaks for itself:—

> In December, 1907, clients of mine obtained judgment against Messrs. Spencer Brothers, Ltd., Aeronauts, of 45b, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N., in respect of damage to three telephone wires caused on the descent of a balloon.
>
> Knowing the name of Spencer well and the reputation of the firm as aeronauts, my clients did not hesitate to take proceedings, and after judgment to attempt to enforce the same by execution. The execution, however, was not successful, for a notice was received from the County Court Bailiff, saying, "The Officer is unable to find that the Execution Debtor has any goods or chattels on which to levy. Mrs. Spencer is the tenant and claims all goods." As the firm is a limited company, the only other means of enforcing judgment is by garnishee. This, however, was found to be impossible, for the aeronauts receive their money before they ascend, and consequently there is never any money owing to the defendants. Now what I wish to point out is this:—Apparently according to the letter heading enclosed there are two firms, both working together, and yet in such a manner as to defy anyone who suffers damage in consequence of the acts of the aeronauts.
>
> Apparently the firm of C. G. Spencer and Sons, of 56a, Highbury Grove, N., are the owners of the balloons, parachutes and other aeronautical apparatus, but the firm of Spencer Brothers, Ltd., of 45b, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N., enter into the contracts for ballooning. The objects of this arrangement are palpable. The injuries to property are done by the limited company who have, according to their own statement, no available assets, and the other firm runs no risk, although it is clear from the fact that the names and addresses are upon one letter paper that the two firms work together.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Bill of Sale.—C. A. B.—You are bound to produce the rent receipt, and if you fail they can take possession.

Advertisement Agreement.—Hate.—You cannot be compelled to pay more than you agreed to, and, if you admit what you signed and repudiate the inked writing, you would win.

The Ancient Order of Foresters.—T. H. (Wallsend).—It is impossible for us to say whether the society is justified in its refusal to pay the money you claim without seeing all the papers. We return the letter from the Foresters.

Essex Waterworks Company.—L. G. (London).—The action of the company leaves a good deal to be desired, but they appear to have been within their rights. We return the summons.

Moneylending.—J. B. (Battersea).—We like to help our readers as much as possible, and try to do so, but we cannot undertake to advise you how to run a moneylending business.

Trade Debt.—Anxious (Bristol).—You cannot be called on to pay the expenses of the summons, as you had paid the firm's agent before the summons was served. It is open to question whether you cancelled the order in time, and, as you might lose over that, your best course is to take the goods on condition that they are invoiced to you as from the date on which you actually get them delivered. You can then pay in due course, and close your account with a firm that has so little consideration for its customers.

Rent Book.—Sedgley.—The rent book would be evidence of the tenancy, and, as a written agreement is not necessary, there would be a tenancy binding on the tenant.

RONEO, LIMITED.

The second meeting of Roneo, Limited, was held on the 9th inst. at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel, E.C. Mr. William E. Smedley, the Chairman of the Company, presided.

During the past year the sum of £1,302 has been spent on additional buildings, and £6,501 on additional plant. These additions have had the effect of practically doubling the output in many of our departments, the most important addition being the erection of the foundry. In the past one of the greatest obstacles in the way of efficiently turning out our orders with rapidity has been the difficulty of obtaining sufficient suitable castings. We are now self-contained, and instead of being dependent for our supply upon others, we are now making our own castings. With regard to the item, "Patents, patterns, and leasehold premises," it is gratifying to see that £6,000 of the profit made during the year will be applied in reduction of that amount, so that in the future it will stand at £24,000, and I hope we shall be able from time to time to materially reduce that figure, and at the same time charge all additions henceforth to the revenue account, so that it may not be augmented. The investments, which stand at £17,045, consist, practically to the full extent, of the interests we possess in companies abroad—principally in France, Germany, and Austria. They are very important customers, and we get a very large return in the way of profit from goods which we supply to them, and really we look for our income from the business we do with them. The sales for July, August, and September of last year were under £9,000 each. Since that date we have never run under £11,000 in any month, and the two months that have so far passed this year, July shows an increase of 31 per cent. over the sales in July 1908, and August shows an increase of 37 per cent. over the sales of 1908. The first half of the year showed an increase of 19.2 per cent. over the corresponding period of 1908, but since July the business has taken a still greater step forward.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£252,380 PAID TO CLIENTS ■ RESERVE FUND £30,000.

We have now published in "John Bull" the following accounts of clients who, starting with £6, have received the amounts against their initials:—

W. C. ... ... £4,840 (Since increased to £5,600)	W. J. G. £317
C. G. B. £944	M. A. W. T. £373
R. J. C. £936	H. H. £374
R. A. S. £593	F. G. £430
O. M. W. £279	J. W. £1,054
H. V. £243	W. T. £949
M. E. G. £344	W. P. £321
G. H. £391	J. L. £683
	J. B. £515

Below we publish for the first time to-day the amounts paid to 4 other clients:—

Cheques.	Initials.	Amount.
4,170	W. T. W.	£8 0 0
4,493	...	5 15 0
4,736	...	5 5 0
5,712	...	5 0 0
5,865	...	10 0 0
6,619	...	13 0 0
7,910	...	12 0 0
8,563	...	39 15 0
9,275	...	19 10 0
9,667	...	38 15 0
10,392	...	28 18 4
10,762	...	59 0 0
11,963	...	35 3 6
31,526	...	30 0 0
12,527	...	42 19 0
13,425	...	150 0 0
14,137	...	60 18 6
	Total	563 19 4

Cheques.	Initials.	Amount.
2,239	R. R. W.	£9 10 0
2,312	...	12 0 0
2,490	...	8 12 0
3,556	...	12 0 0
4,521	...	23 5 0
	Carried Forward	£66 17 0

Cheques.		Amount.
	Brought Forward	£66 17 0
2,919	...	7 2 6
6,193	...	66 5 0
6,235	...	7 10 0
6,606	...	35 12 0
7,027	...	39 0 0
10,268	...	20 16 2
10,312	...	28 0 0
10,834	...	62 0 0
11,638	...	23 0 0
11,688	...	26 10 0
	Total	411 12 8

Cheques.	Initials.	Amount.
468	W. F. W.	£28 0 0
1,480	...	31 0 0
1,715	...	24 11 0
1,740	...	33 10 0
2,390	...	32 10 0
2,679	...	116 10 0
3,380	...	27 10 0
7,884	...	13 7 6
8,024	...	49 7 6
8,404	...	22 0 0
8,938	...	22 10 0
11,128	...	12 0 0
14,070	...	30 7 6
	Total	443 3 6

Cheques.	Initials.	Amount.
1,613	C. J. W.	£8 0 0
1,647	...	17 15 0
2,153	...	57 7 6
2,609	...	145 0 0
3,198	...	6 5 0
3,612	...	18 0 0
3,689	...	48 0 0
3,800	...	43 10 0
3,973	...	39 10 0
4,128	...	14 0 0
4,316	...	31 0 0
4,688	...	22 0 0
4,857	...	16 10 4
2,900	...	55 0 0
5,325	...	13 16 0
6,159	...	29 1 3
6,244	...	38 7 0
6,700	...	109 5 0
6,922	...	100 0 0
7,102	...	138 11 3
7,356	...	41 0 0
7,401	...	10 17 11
7,510	...	25 12 6
	Total	1,028 8 9

The above sums, and 10,500 similar amounts, were made by clients starting with £6 and upwards in a few weeks.

"JOHN BULL" (Feb. 9) in one out of three notices says, "*If you win, you will be paid.*"

EVERY CHEQUE CAN BE SEEN.

Telephone—712 London Wall. (5 lines) Telegrams—"Natsharex, London."

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.

The National Share Exchange

22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

J.B., 18/9.

Please forward me full particulars of how, with £6 and upwards, the above sums were made, together with a list of upwards of 10,500 other cheques, etc.

NAME .....

(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SPECIALLY MIS-REPORTED FOR "JOHN BULL."
By RICHARD MORTON.

IS THE FLEA A WILD ANIMAL?—LEGAL ARGUMENT.

Edward Hitchinback, lion tamer and menagerie proprietor, was yesterday brought up at Hunter Street on a summons charging him with cruelty to wild animals in captivity.

Mr. Crackitt appeared to prosecute, and said he was instructed by the Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals. Defendant was the proprietor of a side show at the Crystallised Palace, to which an admission fee of threepence per person was charged. Would it be credited that this sum was extorted from the British public for the purpose of witnessing an exhibition of Performing Fleas? Such, he regretted to say, was the stupefying fact, and that the entertainment, if such it could be called, was a remunerative one, was evident from the fact that the show had been in existence for years, nor until now had its humanity been questioned. But he was there to protest in the name of Mother Nature against this scandalous outrage in our midst. He would call evidence to prove that the defendant by the exercise of brute force compelled a number of poor, little, inoffensive, innocent fleas to perform several times daily, to exert themselves in an unnatural endeavour to amuse a thoughtless and ribald crowd.

Miss Mary McBitten was the first witness. She said she was an inspector of the prosecuting society, and her attention was called to the exhibition of Performing Fleas. When she viewed the show she found the dear little things exhibited under a glass case. At the direction of the defendant, of whom they were in such dread that she could see the fear on their faces, they went through a variety of tricks. Some were harnessed to a coach containing passengers, who were also fleas, so was the coachman. Others turned a wheel, like a treadmill, by hopping from step to step. One was tied by a piece of cotton to a little gun. When he hopped, the gun exploded, and a number of fleas dropped down as if they were dead.

The witness described other tricks, and tears stood in her eyes as she spoke of the evident distress the poor things were in. "I could see by their expressions," she said "that they lamented the confinement in which they were kept. Once a large flea made a desperate dash for freedom, but he hit the glass top of the case and came down all of a heap. The defendant put his hand in the case, picked up the dear little thing between his finger and thumb, and——"

The Magistrate (shuddering): Ah, we all know what happened then.

Witness: But it didn't happen. Defendant, instead, shook the poor thing, dealt it several blows on the head with his clenched fist, and thrust it back in the cage.

Mr. Hopper, for the defence: Tell me, Miss MacBitten, when you have caught a flea in your own home——

Witness: Sir!

Mr. Hopper: I did not mean to be personal. Suppose you caught one in lodgings where you happened to be staying——

Witness: I decline to suppose anything of the kind.

Mr. Crackitt said that was his case. These unprotected creatures were treated with cruelty and compelled to act in a manner foreign to their habits. He did not ask how the defendant fed his prisoners.

The Magistrate: Please don't. I am itching to get this case finished.

Mr. Hopper objected to the terms of the summons. These creatures were not wild animals, and the charge could not lie. They were tame; his client had tamed them. They were not in captivity; his client had them with him in Court.

The Magistrate (anxiously): In a box?

Mr. Hopper: Oh, no, sir. At liberty, in their natural state.

Everybody moved away from the defendant, and the magistrate hurriedly gave his decision. He said the creatures, though of predatory habits, were almost human in their desire for social intercourse. They were playful, indulging in many a hop, skip and jump, but they were not wild. A man got wild sometimes, when one of these things was about, but a flea, never. He was always, cold, calm, and strictly attentive to business. He must hold that a flea was not a wild animal, but a domestic pet. The case was dismissed.

The Effect of Electricity on Disease.

No Longer a Matter of Doubt.

Every day brings fresh proof of the value of electricity as a remedy for human ills. Cases which only a few years ago were considered incurable are now treated with the utmost success. Patients who have been trying medicines until they made a drug shop of their stomach suddenly realise that the old system is wrong. They have been dosing their poor stomachs with poisonous materials until the entire organic system has rebelled against it.

Prof. O. S. Fowler, in his work on the treatment of nervous diseases, says:—"Sufferers little realise how far they are restorable—yet they seek relief in the wrong directions, for medicines cannot cure this class of disease, but, on the contrary they almost universally prove injurious. They are no more adapted to reach these cases than a dose of ipecac or jalap is to assuage a mother's grief for the loss of her darling babe, for the disease being largely local the restoratives must be applied directly to those prostrated parts; and since electricity is undoubtedly the instrumentality of all life, it necessarily follows that this element constitutes Nature's one most potent remedy in these diseases when rightly applied."

Every scientist who has devoted any time to the study of electricity is enthusiastic in its curative powers. It cures because it supplies the necessary life element. The cure is pleasant, being accomplished while the patient rests. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery is peculiarly adapted to nearly all general ailments. It is, without doubt, the most successful treatment known to-day.

All forms of weakness are cured by it. Electricity takes the place of weakness, banishing it for ever. Nervousness, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Locomotor Ataxy, and Epilepsy yield to it in a surprising manner. It has no equal as a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache. Its success in Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Liver and Kidney troubles is brilliant.

The battery that is used has received the very highest endorsements. It is the only battery that has ever been given the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit. It is the only battery that can be used on the body, and supply a strong current with no charging.

A treatise on the subject has just been published that is well worth two guineas to any health-seeker. The subject of health is exhaustively treated in this 80-page pamphlet, a free copy of which will be sent to any reader of JOHN BULL. Simply drop a postcard or a note to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Not one penny of expense is attached to your application.—ADVT.

SANDORIDES
"LUCANA"
CIGARETTES

ARE A REVELATION. They are delicious in flavour, of Delightful Aroma, and Harmless on account of their Absolute Purity. Their charm never fails; they are acclaimed everywhere as the—

World's Perfect Cigarette
MADE IN

Highest Grade Virginia Code L.V.			Choicest Egyptian Blend, Code E.B. Packed in Cedarwood Boxes.		
100	50	20	100	50	25
4/9	2/6	1/-	6/-	3/-	1/6

Sold by leading Tobacconists everywhere, or post free direct from

W. SANDORIDES & Co. LTD
5, Old Bond St. London, W.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LX.

(A Cripple appeals from the Charity Organisation Society to JOHN BULL.)

We have received the following. Possibly some reader may see his way to offer the employment asked for :—

Having been a constant reader of your journal for some time, I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in asking you to publish my case. I am twenty years of age, and am a cripple, having met with an accident while playing football three years ago. I am still attending the London Hospital, having been under two serious operations there. I have been such a drain on my parents, my father being only a labourer in the Woolwich Arsenal, that they have had to sell part of the home in order to make both ends meet. I thought, should you publish this, that somebody might be able to give me a light situation such as a clerk or serving in a shop, having had experience of the latter. I might add that I have applied to the Charity Organisation Society for help, and after asking a thousand and one questions, they even went so far as to ask people if my father backed horses. Eventually they said the best thing I could do was to go to the Workhouse. I have plenty of witnesses to prove that every word I have said in this letter is true.

With reference to Human Document No. LVI, we have to acknowledge a further postal order for 2s. 6d., which we have forwarded to the proper quarter.

FELIXSTOWE.

The authorities at Felixstowe have shown commendable public spirit in more than one direction. At heavy cost to the comparatively small body of resident ratepayers they have run out a pier half a mile in length, built a fine promenade two or three miles long, put up a pavilion that cost £5,000, and ministered to the convenience of visitors in other ways. But, like so many other English seaside caterers for the holiday public, they have forgotten that sensible folk want to be in the open in the summer time, and at the seaside. Until this year there has always been an outdoor band at Felixstowe ; this year there is none save an indifferent one that never leaves the pavilion. A good band brightens up things for those who do not want to be indoors, and its absence this year from Felixstowe has caused a good deal of grumbling. The tradesmen, who are largely dependent upon the summer visitors, fear that the absence of outdoor music on the front will prevent many of the present visitors from returning next year. Let us hope that the town authorities will not be slow to admit their mistake, and to make it known that next year greater efforts will be made to entertain visitors.

LLOYD, McGREGOR AND CO.

In our issue of September 4th, we referred to these rascals, who have been trying to get money from the public by the device we indicated, and we asked if any of our readers knew anything about them. In reply we have received the following :—

> I enclose you certain papers handed to me by a client for enquiries. The office at 6, Creed Lane, was a cupboard over a newspaper and general shop ; the rent about 8s. a week. Lloyd, McGregor and Co. were there about six weeks. They had no name on door, and the letters were delivered to the shop below. About three weeks ago these people—or, rather, the one man who called every day—bolted. Letters are still being delivered daily at the shop, and the shopkeeper is returning them to the G.P.O.

What are the police about ? The circulars sent out by these rascals were a transparent fraud. Why did the police allow them to prey upon the public for weeks before taking action ? Surely the law is adequate to deal with crude fraud of this sort. If not, the sooner it is made so the better for the credit of the Government.

TRADE NOTE.

The Strand Palace Hotel, which opened its doors to the public on Tuesday last, introduces an experiment which deserves to succeed. The abolition of tips removes one of the terrors of life—at any rate to a large number of people. The directors are careful to make it quite clear, however, that their servants will in no way suffer, as they are paid adequate wages. In addition to this visitors will much appreciate the comfort and luxurious appointments of the new hotel, which, coupled with the extremely moderate tariff, should ensure to Messrs. Lyons and Co. another success.

Pat-a-Cake biscuits—an ever ready, ever welcome dainty, made very carefully by Peek Frean, so that they are nicer than most, though they cost no more. They are *the* biscuit for all time and every time —for the seaside, for the country and the home. Pat-a-Cake are short and sweet, not too sweet, and the quality never varies. You can buy them everywhere, but buy them to-day.

PAT-A-CAKE

They're Peek Frean's

"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. Parker.

Success at Last.

S. F. Cody, who looked like sharing the fate of Ader so far as the fickle smiles of Government recognition are concerned, has turned the tables on the sceptics at last by his magnificent cross-country achievement of well over 40 miles in 63 minutes—a record of its kind. He, too, will shortly be beginning to "get his money back," and no one deserves it better. He is as big an enthusiast as Ferber in France, and has been quite as indefatigable and equally unlucky. I imagine he will find plenty of people ready to pay a modest "tenner" later on to get their first experience of flight on an aeroplane, and not a few of these will become disciples in the course of time, and possibly instructors afterwards. In England this one swallow is like to make a summer.

Lefebvre's Death.

The tragic suddenness of this clever young aviator's death has sent a shock through the flying world which it may take some time to recover from. It was an accident the cause of which it is difficult to understand. The machine started perfectly, and its sudden dip to earth can only be explained by the assumption that the front elevator planes refused to act or that their connections broke at the critical moment. The wreck was so complete that this does not appear to be now ascertainable. Certainly, flight at high speed close to the ground has proved itself the most dangerous mode of progression. Most authorities agree on that point; but, in any case, the area and leverage of the front planes, could they always be relied upon to act, should be sufficient to keep the machine from pitching forward at a too dangerous angle. Some kind of powerful buffer is absolutely necessary, for nine-tenths of all the accidents and breakages occur at the time of touching the earth. Evidently some subsidiary automatic method of tilting the elevator planes should also be fitted in conjunction with the mechanically operated one. The natural position of the aviator in respect to a machine tilted at such a sharp downward angle would be enough to insure this action were it mechanically applied by a hinged back to the seat or in other ways which are obvious enough. It is premature to condemn aeroplaning on account of such deplorable happenings. The record of the sport has been good up to now, but obviously no claim for infallibility can be made for the aeroplane yet. The rigorous supervision of pilots' certificates should not be slackened in spite of the ease with which the new men have apparently got a grasp of their machines. There are now about eight officially recognised in France, and it should not sink into a mere formality like the taking out of a motor licence—a sort of "Merité Agricole" of the air—or the terrible incident of last week may be repeated with far-reaching results to the cause of aviation.

The Blackpool Meeting.

There is not much talk but a great deal of action now taking place with reference to this affair. £400 expenses has been willingly raised to £600 already, and the amount of prize-money may possibly run little short of £15,000. No expense is to be spared, and the Aero Club is energetically co-operating in the attempt to make the affair a success. It is merely a question of tempting the French aeroplanists over—and if money and energy can do it, the thing will be done.

The Coming Paris Show.

The 20th inst. will see the doors of the Grand Palais open for its second aeronautical show, which will be inaugurated by the President and will in all probability be an even greater success than its predecessor last December. Besides a collection of aeroplanes numbering over 20, there will be several new aviation motors on view by the standard motor-car firms. Blériot's cross-Channel machine will this time have the place of honour in the centre of the hall. As to the accessories and the show of materials used in modern aeroplane and balloon construction, this is expected to be a revelation in quality and quantity alike.

The Brescia Meeting.

Second only to Rheims and immensely successful as a popular draw, Brescia will keep its aero meeting open till the 20th inst. Already Rougier, Curtiss and Blériot have repeated some of their Rheims successes, and may even greatly improve upon them under such a liberal time schedule. The prizes offered for the machine leaving the ground in the shortest time from the start is in some way the most interesting of all the contests, though their actual money value is small. Curtiss should win this, if the past is any criterion, but flight is full of surprises, and Blériot is never more dangerous than when he is apparently out of luck. He is the true Mark Tapley of aviation.

Dieppe to the Fore.

Merry little Dieppe, late the scene of some of the world's greatest motor-races, is resolved to console itself for the loss of its Grand Prix by this year holding an aviation meeting. There are fairly liberal prizes for the aviators. Three of 8,000, 4,000, and 3,000 francs respectively are offered for the longest aggregate flights during the meeting. The date fixed is September 19th to 24th.

IN TEN YEARS' TIME

you may require a sum of money

For ADDITIONAL BUSINESS CAPITAL,

For RETIRING ALLOWANCE,

For CHILDREN'S EDUCATION,

or for the many other purposes which entail financial responsibility.

WHY NOT PROVIDE FOR IT NOW?

THE "TEN YEAR, ENDOWMENT"

plan, of the **MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK**, the *Daily Telegraph* says, "provides in better form than can be obtained elsewhere a method of saving money with complete safety, accompanied by a profitable rate of interest."

For every Annual Deposit made

A CASH DIVIDEND IS DECLARED

which can be drawn or added to the capital.

At any time after the third year,

IF THE ANNUAL DEPOSITS CANNOT BE CONTINUED,

the Company agrees, if depositor is not, at present time, 65 years of age, to pay the full face value of the policy to his estate should he die before the ten years have matured; or if he lives until then, to make him a cash payment; and this notwithstanding the fact that he has only made three annual Deposits, and will not be called upon to pay the balance.

There are several other unique advantages.

Write for full particulars of Plan No 26 to the Head Office for the United Kingdom,

16, 17 & 18, Cornhill, E.C.

J. H. HARRISON HOGGE,
General Manager.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

BY M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"MID-CHANNEL."

What a beastly crowd! What a horrible crew of discontented, ill-mannered creatures. No aim in life, no ambitions, no affections, no thought of anything save their own pleasure and absolute selfish existences.

And what a slangy, ugly-tongued woman Zoe Blundell is—a married creature who unblushingly tots up on her fingers the number of "tame robins" who flutter round her skirts for crumbs; who uses the most unrefined language and is spoken to by her maid Lena as if she were a kitchen wench, and who, on the slenderest provocation, tells her husband to "go to the devil" and leaves the room with a tempestuous door slam that threatens to bring down all the ornaments that adorn it. So ladylike and suggestive of a well-bred woman.

Oh! these disease-brained, dissatisfied persons Pinero has insisted upon of later years, who have everything they want and yet are always crying out for the moon or something quite as unattainable; how wearying they are with their vapours, their doldrums, their blank despondency and never-ending sea of reproaches.

Why don't they try to set things right? After fourteen years of nagging married life, Zoe, full of whims, hysterical and capricious, argues with her husband that the reason she has "gone off the rails" with Leonard Ferris is because at the beginning of their marriage it was agreed between them that there should be no "brats"—as the author calls them—to interfere with their wedded life.

Sweet, isn't it?

And how sick I am of that everlasting Pinero wail—"Oh! give me my minute, give me my hour—a woman always has one day in her existence, don't deny it to me now." Why not a week end and have done with it?

If it were not for the extraordinarily fine performance of Irene Vanbrugh as Zoe Blundell there would not be a dog's chance for "Mid-Channel" at the St. James's Theatre, and even as it is I doubt if any great success will come of it. It is so depressing, so melancholy, that you leave the theatre as if you had been to a funeral instead of enjoying a pleasant evening's amusement.

Not one character is left happy in the new Pinero four act play, and Leonard Ferris, who has been kicked out when Zoe is tired of him, and engaged himself to a silly little fool of a girl who certainly doesn't exist in this modern age, is eternally cursed with the memory that he possibly may have been the means of making Zoe Blundell commit suicide.

Why, if they'd all thrown themselves off the balcony and got killed nobody would have cared a cent's worth; for a more irritating, unamiable lot I never came across, and one wishes them all at the bottom of the Red Sea, with their blighted hopes, which they don't attempt to fight against, and their tainted minds which they only succeed in pandering to.

"THE PROUD PRINCE."

The energy and clever organising powers of the Lyceum management, under the able direction of Messrs. Smith and Carpenter, grow every hour in strength and greatness.

The new romantic play, written by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is exactly the sort of entertainment to whet the appetites of this popular priced theatre, and never do I remember within these walls such thunders of applause as greeted the first night production of "The Proud Prince."

Full of life, colour, love interest and splendid situations, J. H. McCarthy's dramatic story carried all before it, and the enthusiasm with which every scene is received does your heart good to hear, and brings back remembrances of the never-to-be-forgotten past.

Matheson Lang is a positive tower of strength as "The Proud Prince," and it is delightful to listen to his magnificently delivered speeches, with no hitch, or halt, or faltering in his lines; his treatment of the difficult *role* of King Robert of Sicily stamps Matheson Lang as the finest melodramatic actor on the stage to-day; we have no one to beat him in either virility, style, or picturesqueness.

As Perpetua, the virtuous maiden, Miss Dorothy Thomas is both sweet and sympathetic, but I think it is a pity that Miss Francis Dillon accentuates so unnecessarily the character of the beautiful courtesan Lysabetta—there is a limit to most things, and Miss Dillon might use her drapery in a more delicate fashion than she at any rate did on the night the play was produced—perhaps a kind friend has already warned her of this unpretty mistake.

From the literary point of view Mr. McCarthy has done his work charmingly, and his lines teem with poetic imagination and exquisite thought.

Messrs. Eric Mayne and Frederick Ross once more appear—this time in very minor characters—in the Lyceum Company, but it is on Matheson Lang that the cloak of honour falls, and who, when he took his final call at the end of the play, thanked the vast audience for its kindness, and declared in a few and admirably chosen words that he felt not only a very poor fool, but a very "Proud Prince," and he certainly looked the latter to perfection.

If the skin is rough, tender, or broken you just want to use Pond's Extract. It gives immediate relief, takes away any pain and heals rapidly. Invaluable at the seaside or in the country when wind and sun have badly chafed the skin. It gives a delightfully cool sensation to the skin whilst healing all outbreaks.

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A free sample tube will be sent to any reader of "JOHN BULL" who sends a penny stamp for return postage.

Pond's EXTRACT
THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

A Ghostly Circus.

The recent talk about the fate of the old worn-out horses reminds me of a rather sweet little story I heard the other day about gee-gees. An old circus proprietor, with a kindly heart, rents a small field in one of the outlying suburbs in the Western direction of London for the use of the performing animals who have grown old in the service of the public, and here the poor old wrecks are turned loose in order that they may die at least a natural and easy death in peace and comfort. But now and again the sounds of a distant band, or the blatant music of a barrel-organ, will float between the crowded buildings into the little scrubby pasture, and one of the old equine actors will be reminded of the circus orchestra, and from that some faint recollection of his own bygone glories will begin to stir in his memory—evidently. For, pricking up his ears one of the antiquated band will rise on his stiff old haunches and sit up erect, and begin to go solemnly through a series of performances, such as waving and clapping his fore-hoofs wildly in the air, or taking wild leaps into space on the supposition that he is flying through hoops, or buck-jumping in the ring to the crack of the clown's whip. And the funny part of it is that the notion seems to be infectious, for directly one old fellow starts, all his neighbours become inspired to remember their own respective parts with the result that the whole field is soon filled with enthusiastic performing animals, stiff of joint and rheumaticky of limb, going solemnly through a pathetic little circus of their own. It is probably far better worth seeing than the real thing!

Worked Bags.

How popular, and how actually necessary, the little wrist-bag has now become as an adjunct to women's dress, especially as, with the sheath skirt, the last hope of pockets has now faded from the feminine horizon. There is hardly a more generally acceptable present than one of these bags, especially if worked by the giver, and some of the new ideas for such work are really very lovely. For instance, that of imitating the designs and colourings on quaint pottery in either fine appliqué linen or leather work is a very good idea; or the exact imitating of enamels in silks and bullions is wonderfully attractive and capable of many variations in golds and greens, and rich peacock blues. These bags can be quite cheaply mounted with metal clasps and chains by any working jeweller, or fitted up with inner pockets as purses, when, of course, their value as gifts is greatly enhanced, for there still exist many women who regard the bag drawn up at the mouth with a cord or ribbon as "old-maidish," and who would refuse to be seen carrying it in case they were accused of sporting a "reticule"!

The Cry of Idleness.

A clever writer in the *Gentlewoman* recently summed up the reasons for the almost universal restlessness and hysteria of women of the present day in two words—ambition and idleness. We are told that we are in a transition stage, and during it these two passions rule us completely. There is doubtless much truth in the diagnosis. Everybody wants to be and to have everything in these days, yet very few people want to work steadily and industriously for anything at all. Without wishing to be too pessimistic, it would seem that the only thing the average woman is industrious about at all is personal vanity, and that only of a very limited and slap-dash kind. For instance, she will cheerfully dye her hair, but be too slovenly to learn how to walk properly, or she will ransack streets of shops for sale bargains or dressmakers' fitting rooms for the particular cut of a dress or blouse, but will be too lazy to pursue a single accomplishment, and be rather proud of the fact into the bargain. Yet to be successful even as a charming person, she ought to cultivate pretty manners, a soft voice, a good carriage, some common everyday intelligence on the affairs of the day, and, if possible, at least one accomplishment. She would be even better contented if, in addition to these things, she had one definite hobby, however trifling, and preferably useful, instead of vaguely muddling through an existence composed of her own dress and her wrongs alternately to the fore. In an age of such universal idleness and waiting for pleasures that will not come, even the old-fashioned knitting woman would be a relief, and the Berlin wool-work lady a god-send. It is so meaningless to simply dress and grumble from day to day, as thousands of rich women are doing, and it is ruin to the complexion and the wits.

A Headache Cure.

The rushing about and the glare and noise and racket of the holiday season, whether in the cause of sports, or motoring, or late parties, makes that depressing torture, a neuralgic headache, rather a common ailment at this time of the year. Now there is a simple, old-world remedy for this horror that perhaps too few people know about—I mean the homely one of half a lemon applied to the painful part. The lemon should be well rubbed into the skin exactly over the location of the pain for a few minutes, and then the patient should sit still for half an hour.

20,000 Large Trial Tins of 'Lifebelt' Pure Coffee Given Away

for bare cost of postage and packing. Each tin contains enough to make from 20 to 30 cups of good Coffee.

"Lifebelt" Coffee is Pure Coffee, freed from Caffeine. The successful elimination of this dangerous drug—which is responsible for all the ill-effects of coffee-drinking—is an advent which will revolutionise the whole Coffee industry. It means that everyone can now drink Coffee. It means that you—if you have given up Coffee "by doctor's orders"—can once again enjoy your favourite beverage without danger of ill consequences.

Pure Coffee Freed from Caffeine.

In withdrawing this dangerous drug from the Coffee, the berry loses none of its flavour, none of its aroma, and none of its delightful, refreshing qualities. It looks the same, smells the same, and tastes the same, only—it has no ill effects. On the Continent—the home of good Coffee—the "Lifebelt" Brand stands high in popular esteem. Connoisseurs, doctors, and the coffee-drinking public generally, are loud in their praise of its merits. (Already over 2,000 doctors have endorsed 'Lifebelt" Coffee.)

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

"Thank you so much for your tin of 'Lifebelt' Coffee. I think it is lovely coffee. It has such a nice flavour, and I find I am able to sleep well after taking it for supper. When I take ordinary Coffee I am unable to sleep at all. I shall recommend it to all my friends. I have given some out of the Sample to two friends who say they like it very much."

"The Coffee is excellent. I have rarely tasted better in this country."

"Just a line to say that I have given the Coffee a trial, and find it can be taken without producing the ill-effects experienced by me when I take any other."

A Doctor states:

"I am convinced that every physician will, and must, recommend your Coffee, not only to all those who suffer from the heart and nerves, but also to all healthy people as a prophylactic measure."

The Reason for Our Great Free Offer.

We wish to give readers of John Bull an opportunity of testing the "Lifebelt" Brand. Once having tried it, we feel sure you will become a permanent user of this delicious brand of Caffeine-freed Coffee. Early application is necessary as requests are pouring in by every post from all parts of the country. 3d. in stamps must be enclosed to cover the bare cost of the postage and packing on this large tin, which contains enough to make from 20 to 30 cups of good Coffee. Only one tin sent to each address. Explanatory Booklet with medical reports sent free.

Grocers can supply the "Lifebelt" Brand at 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. per lb., in the whole berry or ground as desired. All growths—viz., Mocha, Java, Costa Rica, East Indian, Columbian, Naidoo Batum etc., can now be had caffeine free under the Lifebelt Brand.

COUPON.

To the Lifebelt Coffee Co., Ltd. (Dept. 38), 71, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Please send me the Large Trial Tin of Lifebelt Coffee for which I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

John Bull, September 18, 1909.

I was Deaf, but Now I Hear.

The Remarkable Story of a Clever Invention which Enables the Deaf to Hear.

A WIRELESS TELEPHONE FOR THE EAR.

By PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Inventor of the Ear-Phone.

I WANT to tell all those members of the public who suffer from **Deafness or Defective Hearing** that I have discovered a way whereby they can once again hear as well as those who are not deaf.

I want to tell you, if either of these complaints are yours, that I can enable you to hear, unless yours happens to be an instance of deafness from birth or of total paralysis of the sense of hearing. If you will communicate with me and follow my advice (which will be gladly given free of all charge), I will enable you to hear as well and as distinctly as anybody could wish. I am sure of this because I cured myself in just the same way.

I, myself, know what deafness can be. I have known what it is to feel my sense of hearing growing worse and worse every day, and myself becoming more and more unfit to carry on the scientific work to which I was devoted. And it is because I remember this so vividly that I am earnestly anxious to place within reach of every sufferer from deafness the very same means that gave me back my hearing.

How I came to Study the Problem of Deafness.

This is how I happened to make my discovery. I happened at the time to be engaged in certain delicate telephonic test-work, when suddenly I became aware that I could not hear as well as I had used to do. I was **growing deaf.** Words became blunted and blurred. Sometimes whole sentences of conversation were completely lost to me. And as with every week the disorder grew worse and worse, I felt that in a short time I should be compelled to give up in despair.

He is wearing an "Ear-Phone." Can you detect it?

But all the time this extraordinary fact held me to hope, that although it was sometimes most difficult to distinguish what people in the same room as myself were saying to me, yet I could hear them quite plainly whenever they were speaking to me over the "phone," possibly from a distance of many miles.

This fact held me from the first. I thought, I experimented, I studied the matter in all its bearings. And the more I studied why I could hear people over the "phone" better than in ordinary conversation, the more convinced I became that some adaptation of the principle of the telephone would enable my deaf ears to hear again.

How I Made My Discovery.

It was while lying in bed one night that the question suddenly flashed across my inner consciousness:

"Why not a 'phone' for the **inside** of my deaf ears?"

The inspiration was so strong upon me that I instantly rose, dressed, and fairly rushed to my workshop. Within twenty-four hours I had before me, fully completed, a minute appliance, the effect of which on my hearing was so magnificent that it made me exclaim aloud: "At last I have got it!"

I found that with the "Ear-Phone" I could hear perfectly. All roarings in the head ceased. I no longer had to strain to catch every syllable, or to ask my friends to repeat their remarks "because I couldn't hear what they said." My hearing was as good as in the days of my youth. Moreover, it was **simple to wear, quite invisible, absolutely safe,** and caused **no discomfort whatever**—rather the reverse. And so I determined to make known my invention to a wider circle, and to give every man, woman, or child in this country, afflicted with deafness or defective hearing, the opportunity of **making deaf ears hear.**

How I Can Help You.

My "Ear-Phone" is a scientific but quite simple aural aid. It fits easily and comfortably into the outer passage of the ear, where it constitutes a perfect sounding-board, concentrating the sound-waves upon the ear drum. In fact, it acts to the ears of the "hard-of-hearing" much as a pair of spectacles act to the eyes of the short-sighted.

It is an ear-spectacle.

Unlike many hearing devices, this "Ear-Phone" is quite non-irritating. In fact, after a few hours you quite forget you are wearing anything at all. You can keep a pair in all day and all night, and as there is no unsightly and dangerous outside attachment, nobody can tell you are using anything at all.

Now, if you are a sufferer from defective hearing, I need hardly say how very pleased I shall be to have you write me on the subject, and give me particulars of your case. Naturally, I am very interested in all such cases, and if you would care to peruse a book I have written upon deafness and ear trouble, and how such complaints are at once relieved by the use of the "Ear-Phone," I will send you along a copy by return. I think it will interest you, and therefore invite you to accept a presentation copy from me. I am earnestly desirous of doing anything in my power to help any man, woman, or child in this country suffering from deafness, to recover, as I did, this most precious gift of hearing.

The following are a few of the distinctive features of my "Ear-Phone":—

1. It relieves deafness and arrests its progress.
2. It remedies hardness of hearing.
3. It causes no irritation.
4. It has no clumsy attachments.
5. It is entirely invisible.
6. It is perfectly safe.
7. It can be worn always—sleeping, washing, bathing, &c.
8. It is free from wire or metal.
9. It does not cause unpleasant noises in the ear.
10. It does not cause discharges from the ear.
11. It does not have to be removed when cleaning the ear.
12. It guards the mucous membrane from all atmospheric effects.

If you will write to Professor Hoffmann, at (Dept. 60A) 54, Duke Street, Oxford Street, London, W., I will send you at once (post free and gratis) a copy of my illustrated book, "The Sense of Hearing: How it is Impaired, and How it May be Restored." All who have read my book say it is the most interesting and helpful book ever written for the deaf and hard of hearing. [Advt.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Has anyone heard of Lieutenant Shackleton lately?
Did Dr. Cook hit the "Big Nail" on the head?
Does Peary think his rival can Cook accounts?
Wouldn't "Commander Query" be a better name?
Is Winston Churchill proud of his "descent"?
Won't the Port of London "dues" prove a bit of a damper?
Isn't "suspicion" all that Germany wants to "disarm"?
When G. K. Chesterton compares Bernard Shaw to the Venus of Milo does it mean that he is 'armless?
Will taking sixpenny fares give the horse-cabs a hansom profit?
Did Mr. Cross decline to give up his seat because he doesn't like "standing"?
Can you get a "Social Guide" from a Socialist?

The Pennsylvanian train-robber who threw away a bag containing £1,000 in gold instead of another holding £40 in copper coins, is probably still inflicting penal punishment on his own person.

The placing of the Channel monoplane in the Paris Museum of Arts and Crafts is appropriate. The machine is a craft, and the using of it an art.

The fact that the famous "simple life" colony at Ascona has become bankrupt seems to indicate complications.

The Mr. Henry Glover who says, "Any man's sport which cannot be shared by a woman is brutal," is evidently a kid-glover.

The new Drury Lane drama is called "The Whip." A striking title.

"Reform should not be effected by war, but by education," says Mr. J. Pointer. Instruction, not destruction.

"A garden will usually keep a man out of mischief," says Mr. Arthur Neale. What about Adam?

A stone axe-hammer of the Neolithic age has been discovered. The fact of its being found near Bere points to its having been the property of a prehistoric navvy.

"Panic in a Music-Hall," reads a headline. The audience must have had an extra turn.

President Taft has broken the law of Maine by having his hair cut on Sunday. He is now getting it pulled.

Sir Wilfrid Peek, who has been fined £10 and costs for exceeding the speed limit, should now spell his name Pique.

"Civilisation is merely the corset of nature," says Regina M. Bloch. Less waste.

The Prefect of the Seine requests Parisians not to throw dead dogs into the river. Certainly it is an in-Seine act.

Harry Cheap, charged at Tower Bridge with being drunk, said that his name was Dear. Perhaps he only felt cheap.

"Force is no argument," says Mr. S. Burridge. We always thought it quite a moving one.

"The Fatal Dance" is the name of a new play. It must be a sort of breakdown.

"The Rush to Canada," we read. But it's nothing to the "rush" you find there.

"Tariff Reform means something better than Socialist promises," the *Express* tells us. But is there anything better than Socialist "promises"?

A horse named Scarlet Runner won a flat race recently. It ought to have been "over the sticks."

The temperature of Iceland is reported to be 10 degrees above that of London. Has Peary been there?

"England's all right," says the *Daily Chronicle*. No doubt, but she's getting left.

Wandsworth Workhouse contains six women paupers over ninety years of age. Life must be easy there.

If the Sunningdale curate who found a wasps' nest in his overcoat had put it on first, they would have made it warm for him.

"The men who write leading articles are always behind the times," says G. K. Chesterton. But *The Times* is not always ahead of them.

Two Mexican hairless dogs have arrived at the Zoo, but we understand it is quite untrue that they Harlene.

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PERFECT PATENT
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Revelation to Pipe Smokers.

Have you not tried many patent pipes in your time and found them ALL unsatisfactory? TRY the MOST PERFECT pipe yet invented and procure one, to your lasting benefit.

THE most fascinating pipe for Smokers. Cleaned in two seconds. No soiling the hands. The nicotine has to pass through steam from A to B, the smoke is drawn up through C, therefore ensuring a perfectly cool and pure smoke. Made in six shapes —bent and straight.

2/- 3/6, 5/6 & 7/6 each through all high-class Tobacconists, or samples sent post free upon receipt of remittance from the —

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GRAND PRIX AWARD FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Subscription Closes on Saturday, 18th September.

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact; send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable. We shall not invite you to any other dealings before we have completely proved that we know what we are talking about.

The time to buy is on days of reaction, as this is the condition precedent to a rise in prices. Very large amounts were paid out in connection with former Trust transactions. Participants in our future Trust operations are invited to inspect list of payments.

LAST TRUST IN STEELS COMMON IN 1909.

The greatest business boom ever recorded has set in in the United States; the boom is growing with an unsurpassed rapidity; indications of tremendous crops in the West.

You cannot be pushed out of the market in six months even if a panic should occur, and temporary reactions do not affect your transaction in the least, and no further margin is required.

(For 3 Months, £2 for every $1,000)

Your whole liability is limited to £2 (remitted) for every $1,000.

The profit in three months is estimated at £60 for every £2 remitted, which should mean that one will have returned £60 plus £2, equal to £62.

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Nothing else is expected of you than to recommend us to the circle of your acquaintances after the success has been completely proven, that means not before you have received from us £60 on your £2 remitted.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED SATURDAY, THE 18th OF SEPTEMBER.

Amount Required £2
Estimated Profit £60

GERSON HAMSON & CO., LIMITED, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: ESPONJAS, LONDON.

OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Steels Common: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stock broker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our Trust in Steels Common. We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondents.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: Send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Steels Common (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £60—in 3 months).

Condition 1st. All Steels Common shares are opened at the London closing price of Saturday, the 18th of Sept., which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 82½—½ then is the buying price 82½ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much. A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Saturday, 18th December, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your remittance.

3rd. If on Saturday, 18th December, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction will be kept open for the next 3 months, i.e., Wednesday 18th March, 1910, without any further margin. We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on 18th March, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of 13th Sept., 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than the two pounds remitted.

4th. Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 remitted.

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients telegrams on several occasions from which the following is an example: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 84, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Trust in Steels Common we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Saturday, 18th Sept., the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the Trust please send by return post the attached application form, with your name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to:—

GERSON HAMSON & CO., Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Steel shares are conspicuously strong, and it must be remembered that J. P. Morgan never admitted failure in anything. Its very rapidly growing earnings and the possession of almost unlimited supplies of raw material (almost all paid for) are factors for a considerable advance in the stock. Many authorities in positions to know what they are talking about, say that the dividends will certainly be increased considerably in October again, and Steels Common under 125 are worth buying.

CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in our Trust in Steels Common.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

THIS FORM MAY BE USED. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars United States Steels Common Shares on the London closing price of Saturday, the 18th of Sept., and further on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you will invest a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for $5,000 you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

More of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

WILL the thousands of "John Bullites" who put themselves in communication with us from all parts of the world, please understand that we do not the less appreciate their letters because we are unable to deal with all the matters to which they direct our attention? We have to make the best choice possible having regard to the interest of the public and the general "readableness" of JOHN BULL. Every letter is carefully read and thankfully received.

A. FINCHAM.—We are of opinion that a man who wants work should not be afraid of getting it—even in large doses.

J. B. READER (Guisborough) AND OTHERS.—We agree that a person who illtreats dumb animals is also a brute. The Rev. Theodore Francis H. Berwick, headmaster of Guisborough Grammar School, undoubtedly beat the horse cruelly, and was justly fined. As to whether he is a proper person to teach the young mind how to shoot, apply for information to the school governors.

A POOR MAN.—No need to apologise for the "mistakes" in your letter. We prefer a heart to a head any day, the market notwithstanding. What you say about the M.P.'s wife does you credit.

CHARLES PRETSUBLK (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—If you did not pretend to know so much, you might be able to learn a little more. Know that the Bishop of Manchester cannot prevent the Rev. A. E. Foster marrying. All he can do is to forbid him to marry. The marriage of divorced persons is a right given by statute law. "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."

T. C. (Bootle).—*You* are not the Duke of Northumberland *incog.*, are you? If not, let him answer for himself.

J. H. B. (Devonport).—What *is* the trouble with the Maltese, anyhow? Likewise what is "the tenant system for canteens"? Hope you don't take us for Herr Zancig, the thought-reader?

A. G. B. (Penarth).—You say that as a member of the local Territorials you "only put in a few drills out of forty and was marked up efficient." But you may be extra clever, you know. Buck up, in any case. You have undertaken a citizen's job. Do it.

H. A. (Bloxwich).—Times are hard, and time is precious. Can't waste powder and shot on a "short, stiff tramway inspector with a light moustache," name unknown by you.

A. A. W. T. (Wells) wants to know which of the figures in our recent cartoon depicting "scenes in the House" represented the Editor. As, however, the scene in question occurred long after midnight, the Editor, who is a respectable married man, was home in bed.

G. V. W. (Birmingham) asks the meaning of the appointment of a new batch of Borough Magistrates for Aston, most of whom are well known temperance enthusiasts. We suggest that he should ask Mr. Arthur Chamberlain.

"DIGGLE" (London) tells us, apropos our paragraphs on Foreigners trading under British names, of how a certain firm of pump manufacturers get their goods from Germany and America and plane off the names of the makers. In this way Borough Councils and others are often duped into paying extra sums under the impression that they are obtaining British goods.

S. S. (Clapham) tells us a sorry tale of the conditions under which the clerks employed by the Solicitors' Law Stationery Society, of 29, Walbrook, E.C., work. Mr. Gladstone must hurry up with his Shops Bill.

W. J. (Gibraltar) writes criticising grammar and punctuation of the John Bull League Song. "W. J." is evidently not a poet.

G. O. S. (Conway).—We have no time to wade through the piffle spoken at the demonstration of which you send us a report. We notice the name of the chairman is Mr. Killop. Shouldn't it have been "Killjoy"?

G. P. C. (Notting Hill).—Oddly enough, Crow was just thinking of writing about gentlemen when your suggestion came. He gave his views on kissing long ago.

C. B. (Eltham) writes, re Human Document LIX., that Lady Brampton left her money to the Church, of her own free will. No doubt.

IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES
with Return of Purchase Money.

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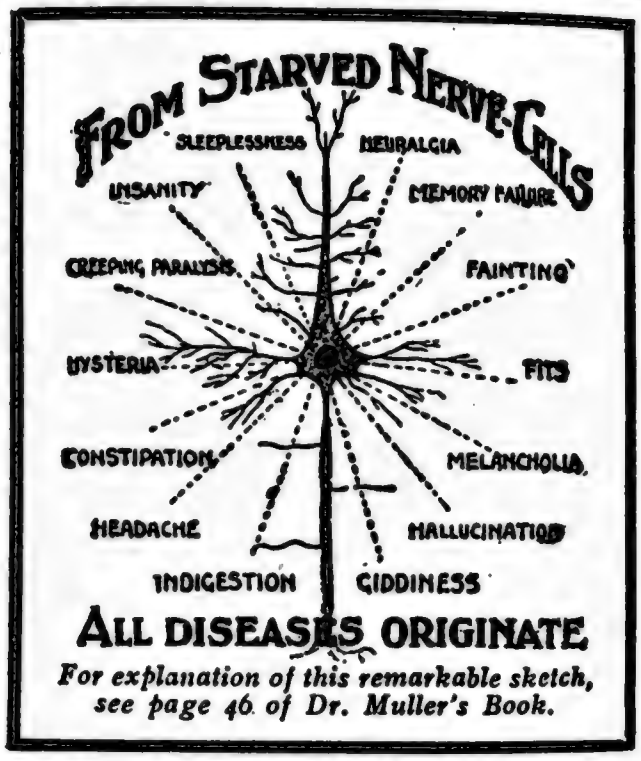
NEW DISCOVERY
FOR
NERVOUS, WEAK,
AND
"RUN-DOWN" PEOPLE.

HOW TO CURE ALL NERVOUS DISEASES AND OBTAIN PHYSICAL AND MENTAL VIGOUR BY SCIENTIFIC NERVE CELL NUTRITION. THE DISCOVERY OF DR. RUDOLF MULLER.



For explanation of this remarkable sketch, see page 46 of Dr. Muller's Book.

In **"The Way to Health," Dr. Rudolf Muller** has written a strikingly interesting book, in which he clearly proves that all diseases originate from starved Nerve Cells. This conclusion he arrived at after a searching examination of the life history of men and women of all sorts and conditions who had found themselves, without any specially noticeable cause, suffering from the various forms of nervous physical breakdown. In every examination of the condition of the brain he found that the nerves, instead of showing a healthy condition, were in a degenerate and starved state.

By one of the most remarkable processes of scientific research ever attempted, **Dr. Muller** found there was always noticeable, on a thorough analysis of the brain cells, an absence or deficiency of certain lecithenic substances, this deficiency being the greater the more the condition of the sufferer had approached to paralysis or total incapacity for any mental exertion whatsoever.

Taking typical cases, **Dr. Muller** next tried the effects of foods resembling as closely as possible the natural lecithenic food the brain cells live on, and he found that certain food combinations had a wondrous beneficial effect upon the mental and physical powers. By slow but sure stages he found that it was not only possible but always certain that he could, by giving this concentrated nerve cell nutrient, cure any form of nervous trouble and physical weakness. Beyond this his researches revealed the fact that this concentrated Nerve Nutrient increased the vigour and effective powers of the white corpuscles of the blood, enabling them to resist all infection and to destroy the germs which spread infection. **Dr. Muller** has called his unique discovery **NEW LIFE NUTRIENT**, inasmuch as it revitalizes, recuperates, and rebuilds the entire constitution.

The following symptoms are the surest signs of the approach of a physical and nervous breakdown, the forerunner of acute Neurasthenia:—

HEAVINESS OF THE HEAD.
WEAKENING OF SIGHT.
SPOTS OR SPECKS BEFORE THE EYES.
NOISES IN HEAD OR EARS.
WANDERING OF MIND.
MELANCHOLIA.
MORBID FEARS.
SLEEPLESSNESS.
DROWSINESS.
PAINS AT BUTT OF SPINE.
PALPITATION.
FEAR OF INSANITY.
NEURALGIA.
SUDDEN EXHAUSTION.
WANT OF CONCENTRATION.

If you have any of the above symptoms, or are nervous, weak, run-down, or out of sorts, or have any permanent nerve trouble, write for **Dr. Muller's** book, which will be sent, together with a packet of his New Life Nutrient, the new scientific nerve cell food. **Dr. Muller's** marks a strikingly successful departure from the old medicine methods of treating nerve disease in all its varieties. **Dr. Muller** proves that all diseases originate primarily in **STARVED NERVE CELLS**, and that if the nerve cells which are exhausted are replenished with the essential concentrated food lacking, mental and physical vigour will be re-established. In **New Life Nutrient, Dr. Muller** has compounded a substance of the same chemical composition as the lecithenic lymph which is the life and energy of the nerve tissues, their natural nutrient being imitated in **Dr. Muller's** preparation with scientific precision.

FREE { Send three stamps for postage, etc., and a Trial package of Dr. Muller's New Life Nutrient, together with a copy of "The Way to Health" (published at one shilling), will be sent free of charge in plain cover to you.

DR. MULLER'S NEW LIFE LABORATORIES
(Dept. 70c.), 61, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

R. C. H. SANDERSON, formerly of 25, Barry Road, East Dulwich, writes that he was never in any way connected with the Incandescent Co., now at that address. We can understand his wish to be dissociated with them.

E. C. (Clapham Common) writes re Royal West of England Sanatorium that "keeping the sexes apart proves a high sense of moral administration"; "gongs are always dismal"; and "forethought is shown in this espionage."

E. D. (Chiswick) thinks a Cook unnecessary at the North Pole. But was there ever one there?

M. T. (Manchester).—It is no use abusing an author's English unless you cite the passages you condemn. We note your opinion that "all the thoughtful people totally disagree" with Herbert Vivian about education. How do you know?

T. W. (London, E.C.) took circle seats at the Holborn Empire, being told there were plenty available, but he found there was barely standing room. Returning to the box-office, he was offered a sixpenny transfer ticket to the stalls. There again he found barely standing-room. The Manager said he never returned money, but he gave a free pass for another night. We have frequent complaints of this kind.

S. C. S. (New Cross) says Wellman's guide-rope *was* packed with provisions.

"CONSTANT READER" (Balham) does not want anything more from Mrs. Crow. He says, "We can now manage to put up with Jim. We've got used to him." The which is almost a poem.

A. C. (Woolwich) has been taken in by the old trick offer of goods—in this case a bicycle—on receipt of "2s. deposit and upon payment of last of 22 monthly payments of 5s." The particular sharpers upon this occasion are the "Erskine Cycle Co., Walthamstow." Of course it was found that the goods are not delivered till the whole of the money has been paid. So many "mugs" are caught that the firm has a stencilled letter to reply to remonstrances. As they decline to return the 9s. deposit, A. C. had better sue them in the public interest—fortunately he appears to be in a financial position to do so.

K. T. (Hulme) says that, for the greater part of this year, fish has been within everybody's reach.

L. E. H. (London, E.C.) thinks Crow's article on Spain the best he has read lately, and invites Spanish blessings on the head of Crow's mother. L. E. H. thinks it preposterous that the editor of the *Laundry Journal* does not know his Bible better. Almost a case of monkey-brand, is it not?

"STARVING" (Elephant and Castle) says Crow must open his eyes a bit more and then he will not praise sailors, who are "foul-mouthed." Our correspondent, who remains anonymous, goes on to prove himself a member of the Blue Funk School.

"FAIRPLAY" (Aberdeen) is delighted that Crow is coming up there. He says "the fine granite buildings glisten in the sunlight" and the town would be grand if it were inhabited by English people. This reminds Jim of his first appearance at school, when he told his grandfather that school would be all right if only it were possible to eliminate boys. "Fairplay" says Jim is no fool. We are not so sure.

W. H. Y. (Finchley Road) has been writing home-truths to Keir-Hardie about his seditious language, and holds him responsible for Dhingra's crime. He classes Hardie with missionaries as a mischief-maker. That is unkind.

R. C. L. (London, S.E.) says Father Tyrrell denied fundamental truths, and was condemned on his published works. He was like a Tariff Reformer who clung to membership of the Cobden Club. But what are fundamental truths? as jesting Pilate asked.

A. F. (Brixton) wants us to start a football column. But will he guarantee that footballers are more genial than cricketers? We cannot afford to make any more enemies.

W. M. (Kensington) says he saw twenty pigs feeding on house-refuse opposite the Stadium at the White City, Wood Lane. What pigs!

W. M. (Birmingham) asks whether Don Alfonso thought that, by growing whiskers, he would get out of a scrape. This is quite Shavian.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

Sportsmen trying to find the double event on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be lucky if they succeed, but should they do so they want to be very careful in selecting a thoroughly reliable turf accountant, who will pay them without delay or fuss. We should advise them to apply to Douglas Stuart, of 102-104, New Oxford Street, for his terms, which they will find fair, as he bets no limit and allows place betting even when the favourite starts at odds on.

STILL HOPELESS?

When you have tried everything in vain, no matter what the complaint or illness may be, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED! Ask your nearest Chemist for a **7d.** trial bottle of

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NATURAL TONIC—Nature's Greatest Remedy—For young and old. "ROCLA" will give you the power of resistance by purifying and enriching the blood, re-organising your entire system, revive your lost energy, and you will once again be able to offer your friends the vigorous handshake of friendship and resume your wonted place amongst them.

"ROCLA" ABSOLUTELY CURES!

Obtainable of all leading Stores and Chemists, at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or may be had (on remitting amount) carriage paid, direct from the "ROCLA" NATURAL TONIC CO., 89b, Edgware Road, London, W.

A very interesting booklet sent free.

After Shaving.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy.

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MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

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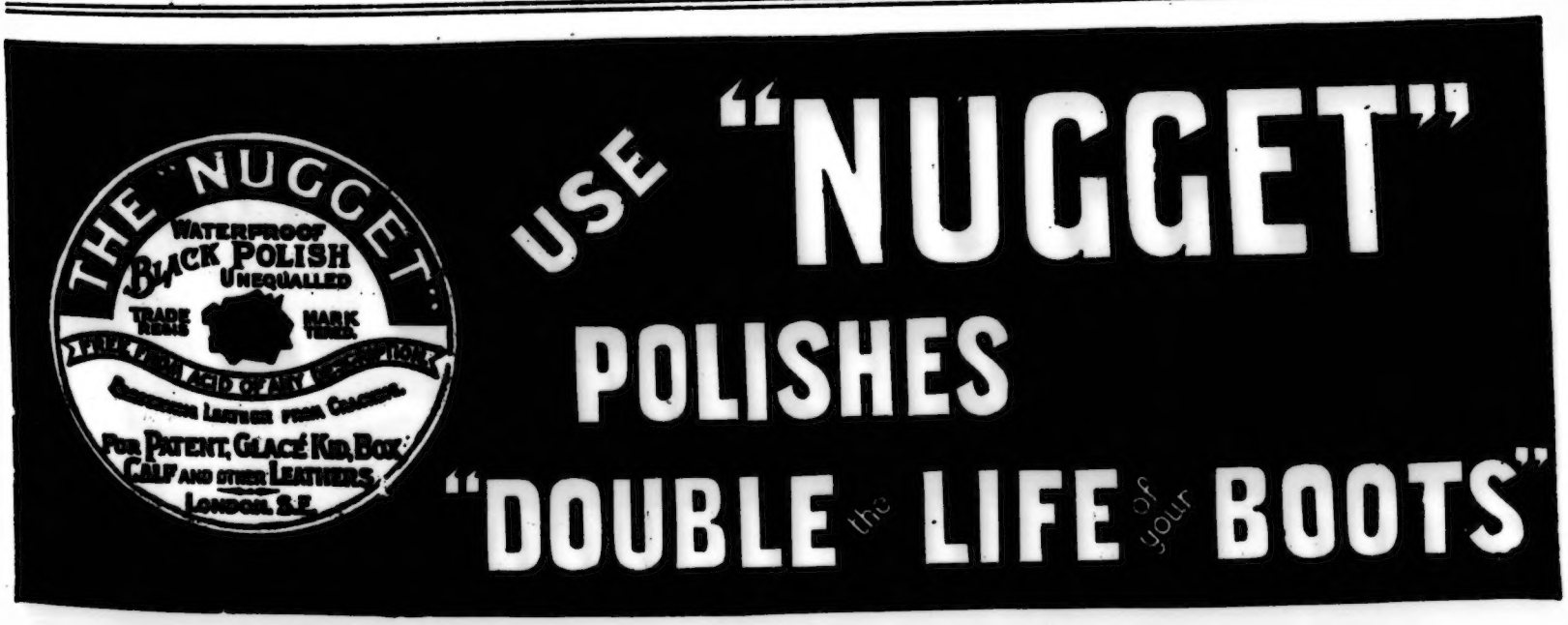

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

A wheeze.

I hear that when a man owes the Ring money he generally manages to go pretty late to the meeting so as to avoid encountering his creditors—the fielders—who usually parade the paddock PRIOR to racing. Some of them do so on slack days BETWEEN races, but it is the general thing to have a stroll round to see whom they can meet, and who are in their debt, prior to sport commencing.

An amusing reasoning.

In the opinion of some people, even bookmakers are stopped from betting when they are short of funds, but as a fact many of them explain that that is the "very time to go on." This confirms the true tale of a man meeting a friend and suggesting his accompanying him to a race meeting. The friend declined, saying he had no money to back horses with. "Neither have I," said the other; "but that's just it. I'm going to make a book"!

Attachment.

It is remarkable how very much attached to horses, especially young stock, some trainers become. Over and over again one hears how fond they are of a certain yearling or two-year-old—especially if they show good promise and are likely to develop into something useful. Particularly is this so with trainers if the horse belongs to an influential patron, while owners themselves—particularly a "little" man—will similarly dote upon anything they breed—even of the most unfashionable strain.

A cramped market.

Betting has come to such a pitch nowadays that owners complain, with justification, that they really cannot back their representatives, for £100 would immediately make a horse favourite and create followers all over the country. Very few fielders have a book open much, if at all, before the day, and if they have, they are every whit as well "inspired" as backers, and are always professedly "full up" against any genuine candidate that looks like being the "goods." Against an infirm or unlikely-to-start animal alone are they reasonably liberal (?).

Medley.

Sir Archibald cost Mr. W. F. Basset £800.

Mr. A. E. Bowen is a very modest bettor, his limit usually being £5 each way.

When a jockey cuts it fine, or is "kidding" to another, it is termed "tea-pot lidding."

Lord Dalmeny is one of the sensible few who never will bet at Ascot.

Sporting writers are exactly like horses, inasmuch as their selections "come off" directly their followers miss them.

When men sometimes back horses and at other times lay them, it is termed "fighting with both hands."

Notice how auctioneers have a habit of adding to their comments as an inducement to bid "now the bandages are off," as though some almost immovable detriment had been overcome.

Prophetic.

Most of the many meetings of the week are practically over, and with the same horses in at different venues on both days, it is impossible to imagine, so long ahead, what may have happened or what bearing the earlier running must have on the later racing of the week. For instance, Woodland Maid may have won or have been disgraced prior to the Selling Nursery at Yarmouth this afternoon (Thursday). Sandy Marion was so obviously unlucky not to have won at Folkestone when only third, that the three-year-old must not be overlooked in the Durham Selling Handicap, in which belated amends may now come to popular Walter Langlands, especially as the South Hatch stable's ill-luck has at last been broken. Miss Portland, second at Alexandra Park, has several engagements, and will win one, for there is no Catalpa in either.

Although Manchester is a good card, I can see nothing that we really ought to support, and there is no compulsion to have a bet upon the Prince Edward Handicap, either to back the raging favourite, Christmas Daisy, who spoils the event, or to pick out something in the hope of beating it.

At Hurst Park Vanquish II. was backed for a lot of good money, and ran well at Lewes, so must have a chance of proving there were grounds for the support in the Stewards' Nursery, while with the ground softened, I dare not overlook Orquil, although a moderate animal, in the Autumn Handicap.

Next Wednesday, at Windsor, Morena, if unpenalised in the meantime, must win the Royal Borough Handicap.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

FREE TRIAL OF TREATMENT

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are different from the painful truss, and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a wonderful medicine which is kept constantly in contact, thereby curing the most obstinate cases. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work and in the privacy of the home. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Write to-day and "Trial Treatment," with interesting book, will be sent free.—Address:—

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HOLD THEE THAT TO DRINK.—*SHAKESPEARE.*

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Gives the Joy of Being Strong and Vigorous

with that spirit of youth, with its health and activity that means success and happiness. Take "Wincarnis" daily as a beverage, try it with a dash of soda-water; it will refresh and revive you at all times, weakness will disappear under its administration, and health and strength predominate.

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Supplied to H.M. Forces and Royal Army Medical Corps.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

Now is the Time to recuperate health and strength. If you send 3 penny stamps to cover carriage you will receive a trial bottle free—large enough to do you good and enable you to appreciate its wonderful properties. Then you can buy Wincarnis from your wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist. It is also sold by the glass, and in 1s. flasks at hotels, licensed houses, and railway refreshment bars.

Sign this Now.

To COLEMAN & CO., LTD.
301a, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free trial bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose three penny stamps for carriage.

Name.....
Address .....
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"John Bull," Sept. 18, 1909.

NOTE.—Wincarnis is now sold by all chemists in France.

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You are fit, and *YOU* know you are fit still for many years useful work; but appearances are against you—

YOUR GREY HAIRS MAKE YOU LOOK TOO OLD!

Everything goes to the young man nowadays; in business and out of business you are passed over for the younger-looking man, who may be and probably is your inferior in ability. Why labour under such a handicap? Why not

BRING YOUR APPEARANCE INTO LINE

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Read this :—

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A Sample of the "JUNON" HAIR STAIN has been submitted to careful analytical investigation in the Laboratory, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be a preparation skilfully and scientifically prepared and free from all undesirable constituents.

From researches made, I can confidently express the opinion that it produces a highly satisfactory result, permanent in character, and in every way satisfactory.

GRANVILLE H. SHARPE, F.C.S., etc., etc.

JUNON HAIR STAIN has proved a godsend to thousands! Why not to YOU also?

SEND 1/- stating shade required (or send a cutting of hair and we will match it) for a LARGE BOTTLE to

JUNON LTD., Dept. M 57, MARSHAM ST., WESTMINSTER S.W!

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THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

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OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issue of July 31st:—

WALTER LISTER, 233, Roberts Street, Milford Haven, South Wales. (No. 36001—July 31st, 1909.)

W. GORDON SMITH, 49, Spring Hill, Birmingham. (No. 199673—July 31st, 1909.)

ARTHUR HALLETT, 2, Calyton Villas, Chesil, Portland, Dorset. (No. 89004—July 31st, 1909.

CHARLES CHAPMAN, 1, Lee Street, Kingsland Road, N. No. 115400—July 31st, 1909.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 14th:—

3261	53000	103972	184566	243978
12398	55913	116943	189775	248795
17177	70926	131668	194375	249752
24052	75317	137989	197543	266001
33897	79483	140248	204783	268639
39674	85367	148396	206015	270444
44219	91084	155742	214672	277985
46110	93571	157244	221459	279857
47666	97379	164105	225608	286561
49680	99045	173566	227987	296169

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 23rd (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 21st).

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE NURSERY SEASON.

Still looking "Hipped," old boy, What?

Quite enough reason, too!! Last week I managed to find a few nice-priced ones, and thought I was well "In" on the week; but find, what with my man's "Limit" and his Commission, there's nothing in it when I DO HAVE A WINNING WEEK.

Why, haven't you learned YET where to send your commissions to? Anyway, you are just in time for the 'Nurseries," and that's where you find the big surprises in the way of long prices. You will find some merry 40's and 50's coming up, and ***DOUGIE STUART*** will pay you the full price returned, to the last 'apenny. Don't stick any longer to the old-fashioned firms, but write to

DOUGLAS STUART

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